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## Sorgo Department.

The Rural World is the only journal in the United States having a special department devoted to syrup and sugar making from sorgo.

### Letter from C. F. Miller.

Friend Colman, your paper has been a regular visitor at our home in Minnesota, for a long time. And it has been with interest that we have scanned its pages, especially in the sweet department always found on the first page. You will see by the above date, that I am not now far up north among the goodly corn fields of my Minnesota home where I have labored for many years.

Last year, as perhaps you know, I identified my interests with those of Belcher and Schwarz, of Edwardsville, now known under the firm name of "The Oak Hill Refining Co." and am now here engaged with them in the manufacturing business. I very much regret to say that our corn crop is generally poor, which has been occasioned first by the non-germination of much of the seed last spring, and later, by the almost unprecedented drought which has now made all nature droop, and has made nearly everything as brown and sere as the late autumn leaf. We had a fine little shower yesterday morning but it sank into the thirsty earth like flattery into the heart of a fool, which did but little if any good. How strange it seems, that while we here are thus suffering, they up in my highland home in Minnesota, are flooded and drenched, inasmuch that the roads are in a bad condition, which makes it disastrous and very disagreeable to all who have cane to handle.

It rained four days there last week, and this too on top of a thoroughly soaked surface.

Our machinery runs charmingly, and when we can run, it is at the rate of about 30 gallons of dense syrup per hour. The great trouble heretofore with the syrup has been in the color, it all being too dark; but now we have that as light as is desirable. With a flavor which is much better than the old stock of 1880. We are now not running every day, as the cane some days comes in somewhat slowly. This gives us rare opportunities for experimenting in the laboratory. We are going through with a series of experiments which are proving at least very interesting, and which if successful, will set the business on a footing never before known to the industry. We even, have made a new departure in the defecting and clarifying processes which is one good step onward. If I should stop to describe it now, it would do no one any good this year, as it would be too late for them to rearrange their works so as to be benefited thereby. The way the thing looks now, we need not fear a glut in the syrup market for we fear the little city of Edwardsville will yet order our whole stock to supply their retail trade, one man having sold out a 50 gallon barrel at retail in eleven days. Good goods which are pure, always find a ready market. Next year, if we cannot make enough to send a little to St. Louis, we will put up other works so you can all get a taste.

I cannot close before referring to the communication of L. A. Hedges in the Rural of the 22d, entitled "Good Market for Good Syrup." I heartily commend the ideas therein contained relative to the selling of syrup from manufacturing direct to retail dealers and manufacturers. Mr. Hedges has hit upon a good point, and if carried out, much benefit will accrue.

C. F. MILLER.

Edwardsville, Ill. Sept. 26th, 1881.

### Failure of Cane Seed.

COL. COLMAN: I see letters from several different persons in the RURAL WORLD who have failed to get their cane seed to germinate, and are giving Mr. I. A. Hedges the benefit of their wholesale vituperation. Now I think this all wrong, as I certainly do not think he is in the least to blame, and in vindication of Mr. Hedges, I will say I received a quantity of Early Orange seed from him last spring; planted about the middle of May, and were I to judge from appearance, every grain of it came up. The circumstances were not favorable either, the weather being very dry, there not being moisture enough in the ground to sprout it until fully three weeks after, when we had rain, which brought it up in short order; but the season was too dry for it. In my letter to you of Aug. 26th, I stated that it was only about two feet high. Well it rained that night and it would surprise you to see how that cane has

grown; it is now fully seven feet high, and if the frost remains off for two weeks it will make a fine crop.

W. P. GRIFFIN.

### Sorgo in Minnesota.

The Faribault, Minn., Amber Cane Sugar Refinery, which has been undergoing a series of improvements during the past few weeks, says the Faribault Republican, will be ready to commence operations on Sept. 5th, or as soon as a sufficient supply of cane has been received.

The proprietors, Messrs. Blakeley, Wilhelm & Jolly, have expended about \$4,000 or over, in the purchase of new machinery, and apparatus, and in refitting the refinery, in order to increase its capacity, and to facilitate the handling of the cane and its products. So well has the work been done that Dr. Wilhelm believes that the refinery is as complete in all its details as any establishment of the kind in the southern states or in Cuba.

To begin with, the building itself has been changed; the wooden part which stood at the north end of the stone building having been removed to the east side, and a boiler house for the new forty-horse-power boiler added on the east side of that. A shed for the crushing mill has also been built on the east side of the stone part, and a little distance from it. The mill stands on solid masonry seven feet in depth, to which it is strongly bolted, and will receive the power direct from the drum fly-wheel of the engine, and it is believed that it will easily crush twice as much cane in the same length of time as formerly. The two large new iron evaporators will be in the wooden apartment, where the tanks for defecting the green juice will also be placed. After the juice has been reduced to semi-syrup it will be pumped to the second floor of the stone building, where it will pass through a second defecting, to rid it of all vegetable and chemical impurities that may remain after the first defecting. For this purpose a new iron defecter has been procured. This is an additional feature in the process of refining, and will tend to still further increase the purity of the goods. After the second defecting the semi-syrup will pass through the bone coal filters, and then be finished in the vacuum pan. The vacuum pan has been placed in a turret, which projects through the roof and is elevated to such a height that the syrup will flow from it into the granulating tanks in the adjoining room. The larger portion of the second story of the stone building has been finished off for a granulating room, and will be heated by steam. The temperature will thus be under control and can be regulated as the process of granulation may demand.

In addition to older new machinery and appliances, that have been procured is a sugar wagon and a mixer. When granulation is completed, the mush sugar will be shoveled from the tanks in a great iron box placed on large casters, and run to the mixer in which the sugar and syrup are to be thoroughly mixed before going to the centrifugal machines for throwing out the syrup and drying of the sugar. A new centrifugal machine has been added and the two will stand side by side underneath the mixer. With the present arrangement every movement of the syrup and sugar after it is pumped into the vacuum pan, as semi-syrup, until it is ready to be barreled, will be made by its own gravity except the taking of it from the granulating tanks, and transferring to the mixer, thus economizing a great deal of power, both of hand, and machinery in the handling of the heavy finished goods.

The bone-dust kiln and filters, the old engine and boiler and some of the tanks remain as they were; otherwise everything has been changed, giving more room for working and especially for storage. Dr. Wilhelm has had a neat office and laboratory fitted up in the southeast corner of the main building.

The two boilers have a capacity of 100 horse power, and will be used independent of each other. The granulating tanks will have a capacity of 30,000 gallons. It is expected that when run to full capacity, the refinery will consume from 60 to 70 tons of cane per day. Two hundred acres of cane have been engaged and more is wanted, the proprietors, being of the opinion that they would be able to work up the entire crop of the county. The price to be paid will be \$3.00 in cash or six gallons of No. 1 refined syrup worth 80 cents per gallon at retail, per ton for good cane. Good results are expected from cane that has had good culture. There are some excellent fields, but, as might be supposed, the majority of farmers have yet to learn that the profit on a well cultivated acre of cane is much greater in proportion to the cost of producing it, than on one that has had ordinary, or poor culture. Until this fact is fully realized and acted upon the sugar business will not reach the important place we think it is destined to take in this State, as an agricultural

pursuit and as a manufacturing industry.

The proprietors of the refinery wish us to state here that they would like to purchase immediately one hundred and fifty cords of soft wood, for which they will pay \$2.50 per cord if hauled at once.

### Sorgo in New York.

On our recent trip to New York, we were pleased to see sorgo considerably planted; and, what was still better, to see the seed had ripened, showing that good syrup and sugar could be made from the cane. The Rochester Democrat has the following, relating to this industry in that neighborhood:

The Amber sugar cane industry of Rush, that was started by S. H. Kinsey last year, has this year assumed much larger proportions, and is in every respect a complete success. The crop has ripened nicely and stands from ten to thirteen feet high. The manufacturing of syrup has attracted many visitors who daily throng the factory. During the past week, loads of cane have been constantly arriving from the farmers of Rush and adjoining towns. Owing to the excellent condition of the crop, the splendid machinery used and the complete system of manufacturing, a very fine quality of syrup is produced, much better than last season. The citizens of Rush feel proud of this new enterprise, and the number of acres planted another year will be large. By the influence and exertions of Mr. Kinsey, not less than 150 acres have been grown this season. He has started a factory at Canandaigua for B. Murray & Son, one at West Bloomfield for H. P. Sturges, one at Bristol for C. Mather, one at Mt. Morris for J. C. Weeks, one at Brooks' Grove for G. W. Foote, and one at Cowlesville, Wyoming county, for C. D. Hart. Those gentlemen will all give influence to the industry, and each have a good amount of cane growing in their vicinity. Last season the Rush factory was the only one in western New York—now the above factories are running with good success. The Rush and Canandaigua factories have facilities and are preparing to make sugar as soon as syrup making is over, and have every prospect of success. Stewart's process will be used.

### Sorgo in Iowa.

COL. COLMAN: C. P. Hanger, in a late issue of the Rural, says: "I suppose the State of Iowa to-day could not supply a car load of good quality of sorghum syrup." Mr. Thoms has started up works at Tiffin, Iowa, that can supply twenty car loads, equal to finest sugar house syrup. Iowa is not getting left in this business.

F. A. WADSWORTH.

### MINNESOTA AMBER CANE GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

[Reported for the Commissioner of Agriculture, by his stenographer, Mr. LeDow, and furnished the Rural World at the request of the Minnesota Amber Cane Growers' Association.]

Mr. Day: Senator Pease, of New Ulm, is present, and perhaps, can give us some statistics from that place.

Senator Pease: Mr. President and Gentlemen: I did not come here prepared with any statement relative to our company at New Ulm. We have a sugar manufacturing there, and they have met with very good success in making syrup. They made this season, about 6,000 gallons in a short time, which they think is of the best quality. About 4,000 gallons of that quantity is unsold and they intend to hold it, as it is of such a quality that the stockholders think that it will bring the best prices that any syrup can bring. I have taken no particular interest in the matter myself, being engaged in other business, hence I am not prepared to go into the details or to make any statement concerning the management of the company.

The President: I would like to ask the Hon. gentleman who the prospect would be for getting an appropriation from the Legislature for our purposes?

Senator Pease: I can only say that I would gladly assist in getting an appropriation for this industry. The following statement of the number of gallons of syrup manufactured by and the quantity now in the hands of the members of the convention has been handed to me. Number of gallons manufactured, 115,816; number of gallons on hand, 14,600. It will be seen that but one eighth of the entire product is now on hand. Now the question that suggests itself to my mind is, if in 3 months all but one-eighth of your syrup is gone, what are you going to do for syrup the balance of the year? I would like those gentlemen here who have been questioning the demand for syrup to answer that question. I tell you gentlemen, you must go into this business a good deal deeper than you have yet before you can supply the demand.

The report of the treasurer was then presented and adopted.

Committees for the ensuing year were appointed.

On motion the election of officers was proceeded with, and the following were elected: President, Hon. Seth H. Kenny of Morris-town, Minn.; Vice-President, A. J. Wilcox of River Falls, Wis.; Secretary and Treasurer, Prof. E. D. Porter of Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. Elliott, the retiring secretary, having declined a re-nomination, a member said: "I wish to make one motion which I know will meet with the concurrence of everybody. I move, sir, that the thanks of this Convention be most heartily tendered to Mr. Elliott for his faithful and efficient services as secretary of this association."

The motion was unanimously agreed to.

The next meeting was appointed at Minneapolis. A motion to adjourn was agreed to and then at 5 o'clock and four minutes the convention adjourned without a day.

### Amyl Sugar.

A new element in the line of adulteration is shortly to be launched on the market. It is made from corn, and will be put on the market under the name of "Amyl Sugar," which, in plain English, is said to mean starch sugar. We have before us a sample of this new production, which so nearly resembles chloride of lime in appearance as to readily deceive even a chemist. It has a mildly sweet flavor and completely dissolves in the month, leaving behind it a rather unpleasant taste. It is simply glucose in another form, and an immense factory has recently been built for its manufacture in Marshalltown, Io., where it will soon be turned out by the ton. The chemical process by which the starch in the corn is turned into sugar instead of glucose is a secret with the proprietors; but the public can rest assured that so soon as they get a-going that an avalanche of the stuff will be launched on the market, and our sugars, already poor enough, be so adulterated that they will only faintly remind us that they are sweet. Pure syrups are no more. The stuff that sells under that name now is useless for cooking, being so thoroughly reduced with glucose and one thing or another as to be worthless. Welcome, therefore, amyl sugar and syrup. That is sweet and pure, and once refined is superior in flavor. Hasten the day when it will be so abundant that everybody can buy it as cheaply and freely as they now can purchase good flour. We shall look to Messrs. Kenney, Miller, Wilhelm and others to help us out of the dilemma.—Pioneer Press.

When we realize the fact that we are importing 1,727,131,216 lbs of sugar annually at a cost of \$131,000,000, the large field that this would open up to Northern farmers will begin to be understood. Besides sugar is an article which is used in proportion to its cheapness. There is practically no limit to its consumption. If, therefore, by a simple process we can supply this enormous demand with a pure, healthful product, putting a stop to the necessity for importations, and at the same time driving out the insidious and dishonest glucose, one of the most important industrial events of the past twenty years will have been reached.

The Winemakers (Nevada) Silver State says: Walter Schmidt writes as follows from the Desert Salt Works at White Pine, concerning Pinta sugar cane: "There is any quantity of wild sugar cane growing at the sink of the Humboldt, on the flat between the Desert Salt Works and the railroad, where there is plenty of water. There is a spring on this flat, near which the cane grows every year. In the fall of the year the juice appears as a perfectly clear but rather thick liquid under the leaves. This liquid crystallizes in a short time, and the sugar is very white. I have collected as much as a cupful at a time, boiled it, skinned it and used it instead of molasses."

## Agricultural.

### CHEAP CORN, AND WHY.

BY CHAS. W. MURFELDT.

A letter signed Mutato Nomine, in the last number of the RURAL WORLD, has given me food for reflection on the one hand, and also of congratulation; for I cannot escape the conviction that some of the seed which I have tried to sow is bearing fruit. There is no question in my mind that with a general intelligence if not further than the ability to read, write, and do a little arithmetic among our farming community, and a grain of common sense added, our farmers would know more of the real value of the produce of their farms, and hold it for better prices. A bulletin issued by the State Board of Agriculture of Illinois, gives in a concise form, the status of the corn crop for months of July, August and September of 1881. The State is divided into three sections. While in some of the counties of the southern district corn promised eighty per cent. of the crop of 1880 in July, it dwindled down to fourteen and a fraction average by Sept. 1st. The central section which contains the best corn land in the State, many counties of which promised a full crop July first, average now but eighty per cent, and the district, as a whole, only sixty-two and a fraction. The northern section, which had reasonable rain in June, averages about the same as the central (I write this from memory, not having the exact figures before me).

Now any man of forecast would, when the drought set in and became more and more extensive, seeing the facts set forth in his paper every week, have arrived at the conclusion that he had better hold on to his wheat and corn and reap the benefits of a continually advancing market. Let me cite a case in point: A certain gentleman of

my acquaintance owns a farm which he lets to a tenant, probably a good farmer so far as the mere labor part of the farm is concerned. The landlord and the tenant together had in store say six thousand bushels of corn. Only one member of the tenant's family can read (age and sex unknown to me) perhaps not fluently. In the middle of summer when the drought had already set in in other sections as well as that where the farm lies, the tenant sent word (?) that there would be a world of corn in that section and on the farm in which both were interested, and counseled a sale of the old corn, and it was sold at the high price (?) of thirty cents per bushel. Now, had this tenant been able to utilize the information contained in a single number of his paper, he could and would have saved hundreds of dollars for himself and his landlord.

I do not believe that of all the hundreds of thousands of farmers in this great State, there are thirty thousand that take an agricultural paper of any sort, and I believe with Mutato Nomine that it is not only damaging but a criminal neglect, because for the want of it the farmers and their families fail to reap the value or the fruit of their toil. And while there are a good many papers of more or less merit, the one issued in the locality nearest to the reader, all other things being equal, is the one likely to confer the most benefit on the reader. The RURAL WORLD ought to-day have fifty thousand subscribers in Missouri alone. It would aid materially to bring \$50,000 in every county!

But this is only one means by which the farmers of Missouri can and ought to be benefited. Where stands Missouri to-day among the States of this great Mississippi valley in the publication of crop reports? Ohio gauges her reports on wheat, for instance, by the results as revealed by a thousand threshing machines. A similar report is issued in Iowa and Kansas, while Illinois has several reliable correspondents in each county. A thousand or more in the State.

The State Board of Agriculture of Missouri confines her publication to an annual report of a pattern now obsolete. There was a propriety in the earlier reports of giving descriptions of location, land, formation, water courses, timber, market facilities, &c., &c., but this has been so oft repeated and so well done, and moreover, well done by the labors of the immigration society, that we think it high time that our State should issue reliable semi-monthly bulletins and crop reports as the season advances, of every staple produced on the farm. And our State government should know that the costs are as nothing to the benefits conferred. As I have said on a former occasion you cannot hide your fields, nor yet your herds and flocks, consequently you cannot conceal the facts that either you have poor or good crops, or that you have fat or lean steers or swine, or whether you have the wherewithal to fatten what you do have. And I insist that in order to know and appreciate the condition of crops elsewhere, and unless he is informed as to whether the markets are glutted or bare, the farmer cannot form a correct idea as to the value of his own products. Intelligence and crop reports are absolutely necessary? Talk about men of only one idea or of harping on the same string? Why, my dear friends, nearly all the great things in the world of science and mechanics have been brought about by just such men of one idea. Morse of the telegraph, Watts of the steam engine, Field of the ocean cable, Edison of the electric light and many more which might be mentioned, all these were in the derivative terms of unthinking men, men of one idea. How much does not the world owe to these men?

I will remember an occasion when I solicited a well dressed and intelligent looking farmer to subscribe for the RURAL WORLD. "Why," said he, "it would do me no good, I cannot read." But your children certainly can? "I have but one daughter and she is married." Oh for the wasted hours of dull routine work and toil and dreaming, "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!" I pity such a man and such a man's family.

Methinks I hear some one say what egotism? A scribbler classing himself with Watts and Edison! You are in error, dear sir or madam. I am not vain enough for such a thought even. I simply meant to enforce the idea that men who desire to achieve success in any field must persevere. On the farm, in the shop, in the studio, or in commercial life, perseverance and intelligence, the knowledge of the how and why and wherefore, will insure success. My motives are not selfish because I labor in this field that the farmer as the producer, under a kind providence, may obtain a fair proportion of the value of the products he raises with so much care and labor and anxious thought.

### Kansas City.

Long time ago, twenty or twenty-five years at least, Kansas City was not unknown. In early days, it was a noted place among the Indian traders and mountain trappers, who came to the "Kaw's mouth," to exchange their furs and peltries for provisions and stores. The town was first regularly laid out in 1846. Ten years later it had a population of not far from one thousand. About 1860, such was the political state of affairs, and the tide of emigration to Kansas, that Kansas City sprang into notice, as a peculiarly favored spot for a great city. It became the best advertised town west, east, north or south—written about, read about, talked about, the world round. The conditions are not such as will make it a great emporium like Chicago, at the head of lake navigation, or St. Louis in its commanding position for the trade of half a continent. But it will not be surprising to find here within a few years, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, where in 1850, it numbered 1,000; in 1860, 4,000, and in 1880, 70,000.

Located from 300 to 500 miles west of the two cities named, on the border of the richest farming lands known, it has been made a Garden, or a halting place for information and supplies to the thousands out of all nations, who annually pass through this country that gives promise of freedom, happiness and plenty. It is the setting up of this fair country—being changed from a wilderness into blooming fields and thriving towns—that has given Kansas City this marvelous growth, and its importance as a manufacturing and commercial city.

The facilities for transportation are exceedingly good. In addition to the Missouri river, navigable to regions far above, and the Mississippi below, no less than thirteen railroads center here.

On a visit to this city a year ago, your correspondent was made to realize more than before, the importance or magnitude of the passenger business of these railways. To illustrate: The Chicago & Alton, a road that had only extended its line to this city one year previous, ran four trains daily each way, making eight over one track every twenty-four hours to and from the two great centers, Chicago and St. Louis. This is a popular road, and possibly is doing more than a proportionate amount of the business. However, passengers and freight are carried in great numbers, and a vast amount by each road, of which this is a common center.

Mr. Editor, I have sought to give a brief sketch of a town, a city, that is favored as to location, and enterprise of its inhabitants as few places are. The readers of your valuable paper will not be sorry that I did not tell them, how to plow and plant and reap, or how to desolate the country looks after a long summer without rain, or speculate on prospects of the harvests in 1882. The farmer delights in something else occasionally.

W. B. D.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 24.

### Bermuda Grass.

COL. COLMAN: In reply to Mr. W. S. Patterson, of Holly Springs, Ark., I will say that Bermuda grass will make an excellent pasture for sheep, horses, cattle or any other grazing animals; and will grow vigorously on any soil in this latitude, making worn out lands rich in a few years.

I have had frequent orders for the roots, from parties in Missouri, and know that it will stand the climate there. It does not mature seeds in this latitude, but is propagated by planting the roots in checks from two to three feet each way, any time the ground will work, from November to May.

I will take pleasure in answering any inquiries in regard to this most valuable grass at any time. W. M. KLYCE.

Paris, Texas.

There are twenty immense glucose factories in this country. Already a capital of over \$2,000,000 is invested in the business. The daily consumption of corn for the manufacture of glucose is about 35,000 bushels, and the annual amount about 11,000,000. All these factories have sprung up in the last twelve years. They are run day and night.

The production of beet-root sugar in France for the season which has just closed, has been returned by the director-general of direct taxes as 275,364,323 kilos, refined, or in round figures 329,000,000 kilos, raw. It is estimated that the production is equal to 6,592 sacks for each of the French sugar mills, and that these have a capacity for turning out an average of 10,000 sacks at least. The French consumption is now estimated at 500,000,000 kilos. In view of these facts, and the stimulus which has been given to the trade by the considerable reduction of the duty, we may expect that the acreage under beet-root in France will be considerably increased for next season.



## The Grange.

[The Rural World welcomes to the Grange Department communications from Missouri and all parts of the Mississippi Valley from members of the order. Brief notes of what is going on in the order, or any matters pertaining to it will be cheerfully published.]

### Official Grange Paper.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Missouri State Grange, held in the city of St. Louis on the 24th day of December, 1880—all the members being present—it was agreed to accept the proposition, submitted by Col. Norman J. Colman, for publishing the official Grange communications in the RURAL WORLD during the two ensuing years.

A. M. COFFEY,  
Secretary of Executive Committee.  
Knob Noster, Mo., December 6, 1880.

### Rolla State Grange Resolutions.

The Missouri State Grange, at its late session at Rolla, unanimously adopted the following:

Whereas, COLMAN'S RURAL WORLD was one of the first papers in Missouri to espouse the Grange cause, and to urge the farmers of the State to organize themselves into Granges; and

Whereas, It has ever been the faithful, earnest and consistent friend of the Grange and of the agricultural classes of the State, zealously laboring to advance every agricultural interest and to elevate the profession of agriculture to a higher standard; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Missouri State Grange cordially indorses COLMAN'S RURAL WORLD and recommends it to the support of the Patrons of Husbandry of the State of Missouri.

Extract from an Address by Wm. Van Marter of New York.

Every one will recall the history of Rome in the period of her rising power, how her Senate the highest body in the Republic, was composed of men from her burghers, or farmers, selected for their wisdom and their virtues; how even this body of men consulted communities of burghers before passing the laws; how, in a time of peril they chose from the farm a Cincinnatus for dictator, who, after fulfilling his mission and saving his country, returned to his farm and with his own hands guided his plow. Pliny, one of the most classic as well as voluminous of Roman writers, referring to this happy period, when the people were not burdened with taxes, because their labors were taken from the fields, says: "The earth, glorious in seeing herself cultivated by the hands of triumphant victors, seemed to make new efforts, and to produce her fruit with greater abundance." This was no doubt because an intelligent head assisted the virtuous hand, as well on their farms, in sowing and cultivating, as they had at the head of the army conquering the land. Here was a country where agriculture was not only in theory, the noblest occupation, and where it commanded the attention and shared the love of the virtuous, the learned and the wise.

Experience shows us, in all the industries of life, that persons of superior intelligence, force of mind and industry, are sure to reap in their calling the richest rewards. It was this that made agriculture so successful and profitable. From these instances of well authenticated history, we must conclude that as a people and as a government, we are greatly excelled by the heathen in this, the all important branch of industry. Then the wisest, the most learned men, were the tillers of the soil. Then the rulers, the kings, the governors, were taken from the fields. How wisely they governed, how well they laid the foundations of their country's prosperity, and how abundant and cheap were the products of the soil, is attested by the united records of history. How agriculture was the first care of the state, how the collected wisdom of these countries was devoted to this subject, is attested by their legislation and by their legislature. In those times there was no printing, and authors were few. Yet Greece and Rome had more books upon agriculture than upon war, or legislation, or arts, or science, or philosophy. To-day, for every work upon agriculture, you will find a score upon history, science, finance, political economy, or philosophy. All this shows that agriculture is not held in the highest esteem by the cultivated, or the controlling thought of the time. The commercial, the manufacturing, the banking and general moneyed interests of the nation are united and organized, and they occupy the foremost and the commanding places in business, in society, and in legislation. They get the aid of government, while agriculture, the largest and the most necessary of all industries, has no compact and determined organization, and scarcely a voice in controlling the business interests or legislation of the land.

### Grange Influence.

In 1866, during the administration of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, O. H. Kelly, connected with the Agricultural Department at Washington, was sent south on a tour of inspection through that then desolated region. He found the people kindly disposed, but everywhere poor, disconsolate and full of heart-burnings against the Union people of the eastern and middle states, with whom they had so recently been at war. Kelly soon realized the fact that, although a nominal Union had been maintained by force of arms, there existed no union in fact between the people of the two sections; that an apparently impassable social gulf of bitterness separated them.

To bridge this "bloody chasm" over, and make a united, fraternal people in name and spirit, his serious consideration was engaged; and from the resources of a more than ordinary mind he evolved the conception of a fraternal order formed upon a similar basis to that of Masonry or Odd Fellowship. Upon his return to Washington, he communicated his impressions to Wm. Sanders, then chief of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington. Mr. Sanders being a man of profound judgment, great discretion, with a kindly nature and a love of harmony, with due consideration, seconded, and in conjunction with

a few other like spirits, perfected Mr. Kelly's plan; formulated the ritual, and, in 1867, organized a few Granges. During 1868-9 the Order grew slowly; but when, in 1870-1 the objects of the Order became generally understood, its growth was very rapid, until, in 1874, there were nearly a million and a half of live Patrons.

While the tenets of the Order contained much relating to business transactions, nevertheless the stronghold of the Grange has ever been its educational and social features. Through this bond of sympathy and fraternal regard, aided and abetted by an interchange of ideas and kindly greetings between the two sections, the asperities which the war had engendered began to round off. The plan providing for a National Grange, at which each state in the Union should be entitled to two delegates, brought the representative farmers of the nation into one common council, for the purpose of devising a plan and means to advance the material, intellectual and fraternal interests of the Order.

And so the boom of good cheer, falling from the lips like dew-drops upon famishing roses the great heart of the nation was revived. More, a thousand times more than the laws ever enacted, has the Grange done to bring about unity and harmony to all the people of these sovereign states of this Union. In the range of the world's history it would be impossible to find a finer example of the depth of attachment for our common country than that exhibited upon the occasion of the Chief of the nation being stricken down by the assassin's bullets. While the north was in deep mourning, there came up to Washington such a cloud of sympathy and condolence from the south, that the summer air of the National Capital seemed heavy with the fragrance of magnolia and orange blossoms. God has blessed the nation through the Grange, and he who would rob it of its fairly won laurels of good work, can have no love for the unity and happiness of our common country.—California Patron.

The fall campaign is now opening and Patrons should see that all the Grange meetings are well attended; the meeting of the county Granges not less than the meetings of the subordinate Grange. The Grange meetings are the farmers' meetings and must be sustained by farmers or not at all.

My experience as farmer is, that the farmer will never be an independent and influential class until they get the Grange to live up to its principles. I care not what their condition or their prospects are, they cannot prevent the profits of their labor from going into the hands of those who live and educate their children at their expense.—Wm. H. Wilson, Florida.

This is a good season for the enlargement of the Grange fraternity. There ought to be a large addition of members to our organization the coming winter. The lessons taught by the Grange are valuable and no one can be initiated without receiving lessons that ought to make of him a better farmer and a better citizen. With a little neighborly talk by each member of the order, our members might be doubled. The social enjoyment, the educational advantages, the charitable features, and the fraternal relations are matters that ought not to be overlooked by farmers. Those who have become lukewarm should be visited, and their allegiance to the order should be renewed. Old and young, male and female, should go to work with renewed energy to keep in full growth and vigor one of the best organizations ever made for the farming classes.

## The Anti-Monopolist

### Mr. Beecher on Monopolies.

There were two dangerous tendencies developing in our time, Mr. Beecher continued. There was a great peril and danger from the combinations of capital. Money was power. We had found that no man could be trusted enough to be given too much power. Another element was now coming up—the power of property. The development of wealth was now greater in amount, greater in scope, and greater in extent than ever before, and now came the combination of wealth. That which was dangerous in individual hands became doubly so in combination. Gigantic monopolies were created by the force of accumulated wealth. Suppose a man wanted to go into the oil business, and put \$100,000 into the venture. The Standard Oil Company would say to that man, "You must sell out to us; you must give us a percentage of all your profits. If you don't we will crush you." If the man should say that this was a free country, they would reply, "Yes, and it is as free for combined wealth as for a single individual. The Standard Oil Company, said Mr. Beecher, is like 20 Egyptian pyramids in a bunch, with a Pharaoh on top of each. It is one of the greatest combinations on the face of the earth, and it is not one whit better, because one of the best men in it is a member of a leading Baptist church in Brooklyn.

Then there were the railroad combinations, with five or ten men controlling 10,000 miles of railroads and billions on billions of property. They had their hands on the very throat of commerce. If they should need to have a man in sympathy with them in the executive chair, it would require only five pockets to put him there. There were going out of New York City at least three or four roads that was as yet undeveloped dangers to the very existence of incorrupt central government.

A Farmers' Convention was held in Harrison county, Iowa, on the 13th of August, at which David M. Mead was President, and Logan Crawford, Secretary. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we, the farmers of Harrison county, unite in an association for self-protection against the encroachments of monopolies of every kind.

Resolved, That we view with serious apprehension the efforts now being made by the great monopolies of the country to control the legislative and judicial departments of government through the use of money and by means to purchase the election of people's representatives and control them when in office.

Resolved, That we, the farmers of Harrison county, select as candidates for Senator and Representative in the Legislature men who are free from corporate affiliations and known to be faithful advocates of the interests of the industrial classes.

Resolved, That we invite all mechanics and laborers to unite with us.

### The Anti-Monopoly Conference.

Important and significant was the recent Anti-Monopoly Conference at Utica, New York, which had for its object a consideration of the manner in which transportation reforms could best be accomplished, and a limit placed upon the power of corporate monopolies. The address to the people was a powerful presentation of the dangers threatened by corporate monopolies, the more powerful because of its temperate tone, its statement of facts and its abstention from rhetoric.

The introduction of electricity and steam has revolutionized methods of communication and transportation. These introductions belong to the public, and the public are entitled to the benefit of them. Monopoly seizes on them, and gives the benefit to a few skillful, bold or lucky speculators. The highways are no longer free; every gate is a tollgate. The tolls are not even equal; the tollgate keeper charges what he pleases. Communities and individuals are discriminated against; manufacturers are bankrupted and farmers are impoverished by excessive freight charges. The laws intended to give the public the benefit of the increased facilities in transportation are evaded, and the profits are absorbed by individuals.

The following extract from the address of Hon. L. E. Chittenden, temporary chairman on the above occasion, has the right ring about it, and its spirit will commend itself to all good citizens:

An enemy has been born and has come to maturity in our republic which is dealing heavy blows against its life. It is the united power of corporations. Once they worked singly, and by secret processes corrupted the people. They are grown bolder now, and believe themselves invincible. They have enriched their followers with spoils. They have brought town, city and state under their dominion, and have captured most of the outworks, are now preparing for the final assault upon the citadel of our government, the State Legislatures, Congress, and the Supreme Court of the United States.

It would be strange indeed if the people were not alarmed, if the country was not more profoundly stirred by the bold aggressions of corporations than ever before in the presence of a national danger. The people have hoped that there would be some limit to these oppressions, but every new one gives rise to another, until it has become a certainty that they will not cease short of absolute control of the Government. This fact has impressed itself on the minds of all thoughtful men, of all citizens not held to corporations by bonds of personal interest, and these citizens have decided with a unanimity almost unknown before in this country, without distinction of party or creed, that these aggressions must cease, that corporations, the creation of the State, shall be controlled by the State.

This decision of the people has brought us together. Surely, no body of men ever met for a more patriotic purpose. We are not here to form a party; we seek the advancement of no man; probably there is not a man here who wants or would take office, or who hopes to profit by our acts, except in common with all the people. We have met to make one united, determined effort to secure in all the districts of our State the nomination and election to the next Legislature of men, true, unpurchasable men, pledged to vote and act in the interests of the people. How can this be done? We are fighting an unscrupulous enemy, with money enough at his command and a purpose to "place it where it will do the most good." He acts upon the theory that "every man has his price." He has no politics, no religion, no conscience, no soul. It is not wise to underestimate a power which already practically controls three-fourths of the States of the Union.

Against the money and influence of corporations we oppose the virtue and intelligence of the people. They are always on the side of liberty and honesty. When the American people become interested in the subject and give it an examination, they always decide right. There is not money enough above ground to hire a majority of them to vote against their convictions. The people are thinking now more universally about the aggressions of corporations they ever did upon a subject before.

We wish to secure the nomination and election of good men. How can this be done? There is but one answer. It can be done by organization. Bring together in every district a body of good men large enough to hold the balance between the parties, and both will nominate candidates who will not betray their trusts. Organization alone will unite the multitude of volunteers and make them disciplined regulars. I do not care by what name or under what flag this organization is had. Let us use the machinery that will be most effective. We offer you that of the National Anti-Monopoly League. We would like to establish a branch in every district, if there is not some union already there that will do the work; but if there is a Grange, a farmers' alliance, a board of trade, a millers', lumber dealers', dairymen's, boat-owners', or any other association willing to do this work, give them God speed!—turn in and help them, all good men and true!

Whatever we do, let us hold to our present advantage. The anti-monopoly movement is known of all men to be a conservative, lawful and necessary movement, to put down a huge evil by constitutional means. The monopolists have made their attack upon our motives, and it has failed. They tried very hard to brand us as red Republicans, who favored universal division of property, and we uttered no word in answer. The people instinctively divined the falsity of this statement, and they appreciated and favored our motives and our objects. This is not the place, nor am I the person, to announce in detail the purposes of this conference. Upon one thing all good men must be agreed; we must remove from the State the reproach of past legislation. We must replace the purchasable legislator by the true man who will serve the people. This done, and we may trust the Legislature to apply proper remedies, and to bring corporations under control. Perhaps I may name some measures upon which the people of this State are agreed. They are agreed that the railroads shall not destroy the canals, without which we would be at the mercy of the railroad power. The canals shall be protected and kept in serviceable repair. Discriminations in railroad tariffs of all kinds must be removed, and the goods transported. The rights of the State in the railroads first chartered must be ascertained and control must and will have a railroad commission

with power to uncover and expose evils of railroad management, and recommend measures for their correction. For other measures of reform we may trust a Legislature of good and pure men.

The people have no war with corporations. Had to the performance of their duties, and they are not only most useful, but they are indispensable to the development of the country. We wish to preserve their usefulness. We curtail none of their power for good, but their power for evil. We propose to treat them most generously, but we shall insist and the people will insist that they shall fairly perform the contract into which they have entered with the public, to do the public business for a compensation based upon the cost of the service. When they will confine themselves to this, their only legitimate business, the object of the anti monopoly movement will be accomplished.

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The old settlers of Chariton county will hold their festival and re-union on October 4th, at Keytesville. The address will be delivered by Hon. N. J. Colman.

Refreshing rains fell early this week in various adjacent parts of the country, and these were greeted with something likeapture by the parching communities and the dry hot earth.

California pears are so abundant in this market just now that home growers do not find a very remunerative market for their supplies, the prices being lower than they have been at any time during the season.

Grapes are exceedingly scarce in this market at present, something very unusual for this stage of the season. Ohio will find here for the next three weeks an inviting field for the Concord, Catawbas and Delawares. They are just beginning to come.

It seems as though the weather clerk was desirous of making his office a bonfire. At present he seems bent on the skipping autumn as he did spring. The temperature has ranged nearly 100 degrees every day since August 1st, indeed reaching and going above that temperature generally.

St. Louis is suffering terribly from big fires of late. The insurance men are naturally a very excited state. The chief complaint seems to be an imperfection of building inspections, and feet of frail and combustible buildings are allowed to be erected, so long in the trouble exist.

Matters which are now creating most interest in the public mind are: the disposition of Guiteau, and the policy of the new administration. As there happens to be no considerable division of public opinion on these topics, it is safe to presume that they will be satisfactorily solved to everybody.

There must come to sheep men more thought, study, intelligence on sheep mutton and wool subjects. Ignorance on these matters is inexcusable. There are publications and books on all these points published and at lower rates than is given to men in other pursuits so as to come within reach of uninterested persons. Every man should have a wool paper.

Mr. E. A. Filley, superintendent of the cattle department of the St. Louis Fair Association, has returned from his trip to the east looking heartier and in better health than he has for years. Mr. Filley will interest himself vigorously in this work, and, being otherwise untrammelled, will be enabled to pay full attention to his fine classes this year. A number of novelties already alluded to, will form part and parcel of the stock exhibited.

H. C. Freeman of Alto Pass, Ill., is shipping to this market at present a lot of peaches that attract a good deal of attention. The variety is Freeman's Late, a seedling grown by Mr. Freeman. It has some resemblance to the Smock's Free, but is far superior in size and quality. It is a very large, a very rich yellow and of the most inviting character, entirely free from all blemishes. It is the finest fruit offered here at present and secures the highest prices paid, \$1. to \$1.25 per peck basket.

The number of train robberies which have occurred of late, suggest the remarks of the bereaved trapper who returned home to find his cabin burned out, his wife and little ones murdered and scalped, and who, unable to do the subject justice, leaned on his rifle and tearfully remarked that it was "too damned ridiculous." It is about time to do something serious, either by capturing these bandits, or killing them by means of train guards. The western states can not afford much more of this pastime.

Some of the newspapers are going out of their way to abuse the directors of the St. Louis Fair Association. This is very unfair to a body which has done so much for the benefit of the community and for stock, manufacturing, agricultural and all other interests of the nation. If there are grounds for fault finding, let the complaints be made in some other spirit than that of pique or personal unfriendliness. There are no

doubt many things the association could do—many innovations it could make—with benefit to itself and the interests it furthers, but let the suggestions be urged with a spirit of fairness and well meaning.

On the evening of October 4th, the Veiled Prophets will unfold their series of wonders for the people of this section and St. Louis will be crowded with visitors. Ample provision will be made to accommodate all comers. The nature of the pageant will of course remain a mystery until its magnificent features are disclosed, but it will, it is said, surpass all of the Prophets' previous efforts in that line. It will be lighted throughout its entire line of march with the electric light, and the line of parade will be as follows: From the den at Chestnut and Twelfth, out Pine street to Eighteenth, thence to Washington avenue, to Fourth street, south to Myrtle west to Fifth, north to Olive, west to Sixth, north to Locust, east to Fifth again, then north to Washington avenue.

The twenty-first annual fair of the St. Louis Fair Association, will open Monday October 3rd, and will continue until Saturday October 8th, upon which date it will close. The association having all the advantages of age, wealth, appurtenances, adjuncts and which could only have been accumulated with age, such as the facilities of the exposition were called upon for increase, it will still hold its proud position as the greatest event of its kind held in the United States, one of the chiefest in the world. The premiums will aggregate the enormous sum of \$50,000. There will be a large variety of new and special classes originated and the exhibits will be magnificent, and far surpassing all previously given. In fact it is of high importance that all interested in these matters should attend, and post themselves as to the program a year has brought forth.

A great deal of discussion is now going on as to whether this country is, or shall be, an asylum for men who have sought its shores for safety from the governments of their own country where they have been guilty of acts tending to the sacrifice of life, the same as this Hartman, the noted nihilist who lay the train of powder on the railway track at Moscow, intending to blow up the train containing the Czar and his retinue, but for some unknown reason his scheme was frustrated, and his name exposed, whereupon he fled his country and asks us for protection. The practical question is, will the United States government hand this man over to Russia should that government demand him of it. The reason for doubt on this subject arises from the fact that we have no extradition treaty with Russia, hence many contend that the man is safe here. But as it's a strange rule that won't work both ways, a query here arises that by comparison may throw light upon the subject. Suppose that Guiteau had escaped to Russian soil after he had made his murderous attempt upon the President at Washington. What would the people of this country then have said, treaty or no treaty? The vengeance of the entire people would be poured out against the Czar should he have refused to hand this criminal over to the officials at Washington should they have demanded his extradition, which in all likelihood they would have done. It were well to look at this subject on both sides of the question, twist the moral as you may.

### Resting in Peace.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well," and the curtain has gone down upon the last act but one in the terrible tragedy which has kept the nations of the world in suspense for nearly three months. On Monday Sept. 26th, the mortal remains of Jas. A. Garfield were laid to rest in the Lake View Cemetery at Cleveland, a city which long seemed like his metropolitan home. His eulogies have been written and spoken, the calm moderate, patriotic and ingenious life will go down to posterity as one of the grandest on record. Never could Antony's eulogy over Brutus be more aptly applied.

"His life was gentle and the elements So mix'd in him, that nature might start up."

And say to all the world, "This was a man."

Never was tribute paid to the honored dead more thoroughly, more mournfully and more impressively. The entire nation wore its draping of sombre hues and the general heart was gloomy with sorrow. From every point the representative men of communities flocked as by common impulse to do the last sad works of respect to the late president, and from abroad came the tidings of great nations mourning in unison with his countrymen.

If Providence has intended this episode to unite more fully the common country and the common interests, let the work be not disregarded. There is but one feeling animating the United States at present and should a handfull of vain, selfish demagogues endeavor to tear down this sacred sorrow for the purposes of reviving old quarrels and differences, let them suffer the inevitable. The people are united, and no treason could be greater than to raise again the cry of hatred or to open the wounds that are most completely healed.

### OUR CEMETERIES.

At a time, when the mournful affections of the nation are centered around a sacred spot on the banks of Lake Erie, on which our murdered chief has been laid to his long rest, we may with some propriety at least speak of cemeteries or burying grounds in general, and offer a few suggestions on their design and improvement, as far as they refer to decorative horticulture. It has been very properly suggested that in order to judge a community correctly, we have to see where the people do business, where they live, and where they are buried. The latter clause is more of a test than may generally be supposed. By the graves of our loved ones lost, the passing world can tell to what degree of culture and refinement we have advanced.

Burying grounds, as met with everywhere in town and country, are truly an index of the spirit which pervades the living. But too many, we are sorry to say, are given up in utter neglect, to weeds and briars. In many, on the other hand, we see a useless waste of money, expended in tasteless stone-work, in fences of wood or iron, and in so-called ornamental hedges, which soon run out of shape when neglected, and thus become a marrying trait to even the commonest kind of correct taste. At best the average graveyard is a place not much inviting to the living—a visit to such a place of woe and gloom is anything but a pleasure to most people, which is one potent reason in most cases why the community evinces so little interest in a spot of ground, which harbors the remains of members of almost every household. To ameliorate this universal evil, the advancing taste and refinement of man's inward nature, has called designing and decorative horticulture to its assistance; and by a happy union of the two, a type of cemeteries, characteristically American, have made their appearance in the vicinity of many of the leading cities of the land, which combine the requirements of the burying ground with the beauties and attractions of the park. Their style of design and improvement is dictated by the axiom rules of the art of landscape gardening, which shun all traits of artificiality, preferring nature's ways of arranging the scenery to man's imaginary ideas of taste and customary improvement. Nature's simplicity, that source of beauty in all of her designs, is therefore imitated in wood and lawn, in gentle undulations and in deeper valleys. Of whatever variety of ground the cemetery site may be composed, the hand of art does not destroy or alter. It only displays each trait of beauty to the best advantage.

To visit such a burying ground is a true pleasure to even the most thoughtless mind—the visitor feels himself on sacred, neutral ground, between the scenes of his earthly concerns and those of the mysterious future. Just such a lovely spot is Lakeview Cemetery, near the beautiful city of Cleveland. No wonder that our lamented president did delight often to wander musingly over its verdant lawns and through its shady forests. And here they laid him down to rest, "and left him alone in his glory."

Will any of our kind readers arise and pretend to say that sylvan lawns and cemeteries will do for wealthy cities, but not for rural towns and districts? For such, especially, they are the very type of taste, which should rationally be adopted, not only for nature's but also for economy's sake. Stone capings and iron railings are expensive features, and hedges and wooden fences become dilapidated and very offensive in the course of time. To adhere therefore obstinately to their introduction into newly forming burying grounds is anything but a wise policy of the community.

However modest and unpretentious a graveyard may be, it should never be permitted to run to weeds and briars. Its surface should be transplanted into a lawn, as smooth and luxuriant as circumstances may permit; and groves of shade trees, tastefully grouped, should liberally be provided for, either by planting or by a judicious selection of forest trees, growing on the ground. Straight rows of evergreens should always be avoided. Select, in preference to red cedars and straight junipers, more freely the graceful pines and spruces, and place them in such positions on the lawn as to form a pleasing contrast to the deciduous trees. There is no good reason why the parcel lots, allotted to each family, should be separated by a barrier, real or imaginary. Such division lines are perpetual obstructions to the keeping and maintenance of the grounds.

Our space forbids to enlarge on suggestions as to design and arrangement of burying grounds, suited to the wants of larger towns and cities. At some convenient time we may be out with a full-fledged sermon on the subject. To our kind lady readers, we wish to say that this horticultural task is truly worthy of the special fostering care of their own sex. In many cases, where this subject may be discussed, the men folk, both old and young, will pretend to be too busy to attend to such outside matters. In that case, let it be a noble "woman's work." Quite often has the writer watched and admired the energy and business tact, displayed by

women in the southern cities. The cemetery to them is a favorite field of labor, and how well and tastefully they do the work, can only be surmised during a ramble through a burying ground in the land of flowers.

A delegation of representative citizens of St. Louis has attended the sad occasion in the cemetery on Lake Erie. Deeply impressed with the beauties of that place, will they return to our midst. May they bring along, not only a due mete of admiration but of determination also to make the great cemeteries of our city, truly the exponents of the wealth and culture of the people.

### St. Louis Amusements.

All the theaters and other places of public amusement in St. Louis were closed on Monday evening last owing to the funeral obsequies of the late president. On Tuesday evening they re-opened, resuming business with other establishments in the general business of the community.

At the Grand Opera House, the Rice Surprise party a fine collection of handsome women, funny comedians and talented musicians are presenting "Babes in the Wood" to fine houses next week "Cinderella at School" a modernized version of an old story, will be produced.

The famous Vokes a family of English extravaganzaists who have never been equalled in their line are drawing throngs to the Olympic theater. Their entertainments are side-splitting. Next week J. M. Hills comedy company will appear in "All the Rage."

At Popes theater, the sorrows of "Uncle Tom" are being depicted in a realistic way at low prices. The sable sufferer has the adjuncts of jubilee singers, trained blood hounds an educated donkey, magnificent scenic effects and a good dramatic company. On Oct 4th Frank Mordant an excellent character actor will appear in his new drama of "Old Shipmates."

The Peoples theater is in the flush of success having done remarkably well for a new establishment. The current attraction "Furnished Rooms" is full of extreme comedy and is very laughable. During Fair Week the World Ideal Standard Novelty Co. will hold the boards.

### The Chicago Fair.

Chicago's reputation for doing big things has been sustained in its attempt to have a Chicago Fair, similar to the great St. Louis Fair. Its first exhibition, which closed last Saturday, was in many and all the essential respects a magnificent success. Its stock show was splendid. Particularly the horse department was worthy of the highest praise. It has scarcely ever been equaled on this continent. The sheep and hog pens were full, and all were meritorious specimens of cattle, all the breeds were there. The Short-horns and Herefords, heretofore so conspicuous in all cattle shows, were few in number, and less noticed than other breeds now coming into popularity—at least such were our impressions from the crowds around the milk breeds and the hornless breeds. Horns are being condemned as a relic of barbarism and a nuisance.

Chicago seemed hardly to know there was a Fair going on in the city. Had it not been for the races, not a word would have been heard at the hotels about the Fair. The 20-mile race, between two said to be girls, was spoken of by all roughs as wonderful.

Chicago can appreciate a horse race better than an Agricultural Fair. Their civilization is too fast. St. Louis men are poor judges of Chicago and especially Chicago Fairs, and the comparisons, continually drawn with St. Louis Fairs, were against them. When they learn how to hit fair weather secure a crowd, have an amphitheatre, interest the city in its success, and bring on manufacturers with their displays, we shall hear of the great Chicago Fair as we do now of ours.

Praising Chicago and everything Chicago does, is a mania nowadays, and the men who talk to do so, is as old foggy, but we saw it all with our own eyes and ears, and no body's. It was a good enough bluff, but take the Chicago out of it, and it was not very wonderful.

### The Reward of Genius.

The \$60,000 received by Lord Beaconsfield for his last novel is believed to represent the largest amount given in England for any work of fiction. Scott received \$40,000 for "Woodstock," and George Eliot the same amount for "Middlemarch." Bulwer Lytton's earlier novels, even when he was the rage, did not bring him in more than from \$3,000 to \$5,000, but he subsequently received handsome amounts for a copy-right of a collective edition. Lord Beaconsfield's earlier novels, notwithstanding the success of the first, "Evan Gray," had a very limited sale, and could be bought for next to nothing within a few months of publication. They never became in general request as components of a library, and in England were only read with interest by persons familiar with political and social life. "Coningsby" excited by far the most interest, and the key, which soon afterward appeared, was eagerly scrutinized. Probably "Eudymion" and "Lothair" have together produced more than double of the previous works of the author, albeit very inferior to some of them. The "Curiosities of Literature" of the elder Disraeli must have produced a large sum of money. It forms a part of every good collection of English books, and has passed through many editions. Dickens left \$400,000, and a considerable slice of this came from books; but it was his "readings" which made him affluent, and so, too, with Thackeray. For receipts from actual writings no one has yet approached Scott, whose income for several years ranged from \$10,000 to \$15,000 mainly drawn from this source. Richardson was the first Englishman who made a really good thing out of writing, and mainly because he was publisher of his own novels. In the past thirty years French novels have received very large sums. But Balzac's rewards of his genius and tremendous toil were miserably small. Probably Miss Braddon's

receipts from writing rank among the first half-dozen highest among writers of fiction. She has the advantage of a publisher for a husband. Reynolds, who wrote "The Mysteries of London," and other works of a lower sensational type, was, from a pecuniary point of view, one of the most successful of British authors. Many of those books which pay so well are the last which occur to persons as being lucrative. Thus "Thorton's Family Prayers" has been a little mine of money to an English family.

### A Leading Professor Speaking of Sensible People.

Dr. S—the prominent Eastern medical lecturer, says: "Every day sensible people come to me complaining of their health being broken down. The answers to my inquiries always are—what I surmise—nature's laws have been totally disregarded; consequently the blood, the stream of life, becomes contaminated—and as a result of this blood poisoning, I find dyspepsia and disordered functions of the heart, lungs, liver and kidneys, accompanied by headache, nervous debility, and other impaired organs to portions, often verging on paralysis. In order to keep the digestive organs in proper health and strength, I and my friends in the profession have recommended Brown's Iron Bitters—they act so mildly and soothingly, never leaving any unpleasant after-effects, strengthening the organs of digestion and permanently removing every symptom of ill health, languor, and debility. No remedy in the East gives such good satisfaction as it for you. Don't be persuaded to take a substitute. This remedy contains no alcohol and is the only preparation of Iron that does not blacken the teeth.—Sun.

### The Markets.

St. Louis, September 29, 1881.

[Prices herewith are for round lots in first hands. Small order lots charged at higher prices. Buyers pay first ten days' storage, except in special bins.]

WHEAT—No. 2 at \$1.40; No. 3 at \$1.35; No. 4 at \$1.30; No. 5 at \$1.25; No. 6 at \$1.20; No. 7 at \$1.15; No. 8 at \$1.10; No. 9 at \$1.05; No. 10 at \$1.00; No. 11 at \$0.95; No. 12 at \$0.90; No. 13 at \$0.85; No. 14 at \$0.80; No. 15 at \$0.75; No. 16 at \$0.70; No. 17 at \$0.65; No. 18 at \$0.60; No. 19 at \$0.55; No. 20 at \$0.50; No. 21 at \$0.45; No. 22 at \$0.40; No. 23 at \$0.35; No. 24 at \$0.30; No. 25 at \$0.25; No. 26 at \$0.20; No. 27 at \$0.15; No. 28 at \$0.10; No. 29 at \$0.05; No. 30 at \$0.00.

CORN—No. 2 at \$0.45; No. 3 at \$0.40; No. 4 at \$0.35; No. 5 at \$0.30; No. 6 at \$0.25; No. 7 at \$0.20; No. 8 at \$0.15; No. 9 at \$0.10; No. 10 at \$0.05; No. 11 at \$0.00; No. 12 at \$0.00; No. 13 at \$0.00; No. 14 at \$0.00; No. 15 at \$0.00; No. 16 at \$0.00; No. 17 at \$0.00; No. 18 at \$0.00; No. 19 at \$0.00; No. 20 at \$0.00; No. 21 at \$0.00; No. 22 at \$0.00; No. 23 at \$0.00; No. 24 at \$0.00; No. 25 at \$0.00; No. 26 at \$0.00; No. 27 at \$0.00; No. 28 at \$0.00; No. 29 at \$0.00; No. 30 at \$0.00.

RYE—No. 2 at \$0.45; No. 3 at \$0.40; No. 4 at \$0.35; No. 5 at \$0.30; No. 6 at \$0.25; No. 7 at \$0.20; No. 8 at \$0.15; No. 9 at \$0.10; No. 10 at \$0.05; No. 11 at \$0.00; No. 12 at \$0.00; No. 13 at \$0.00; No. 14 at \$0.00; No. 15 at \$0.00; No. 16 at \$0.00; No. 17 at \$0.00; No. 18 at \$0.00; No. 19 at \$0.00; No. 20 at \$0.00; No. 21 at \$0.00; No. 22 at \$0.00; No. 23 at \$0.00; No. 24 at \$0.00; No. 25 at \$0.00; No. 26 at \$0.00; No. 27 at \$0.00; No. 28 at \$0.00; No. 29 at \$0.00; No. 30 at \$0.00.

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The Cattle Pard.

Milk Fever.

One of the best methods of preventing milk fever, says the National Live Stock Journal, is to feed the cow, several weeks to several months before calving, according to its danger—in winter, on ordinary dry hay only, with a quart or so of wheat bran, night and morning, to keep the bowels open; in summer, let her run on a poor pasture, and at all times have a large lump of Liverpool rock salt to lick at pleasure. If the cow has been dried off a couple of months before due to calve, watch the approach to parturition, and if the bag shows extra full, then begin to draw a small quantity of milk from it two weeks or less before her time, and increase this, according to the fullness of the bag, till the calf is dropped; then milk her clean after the calf has sucked, at three equal intervals of every twenty-four hours. In the mean while do not increase their feed for a month or more till all danger of fever is passed. If the cow has continued to give milk up to within a few days of the time for her to calve, as is sometimes the case, then perhaps it will not be necessary to milk her till after calving. Keep her dry and sheltered from storms and from excessive cold or heat. See that the water she drinks is pure, and that she has all she wishes to take, at least three times per day. Never let this water get icy cold, and after calving give it slightly warm for a few days.

As soon as affected, if not already in a comfortable stable, put the cow into one, litter the floor well, and always keep this clean. One of the most simple and effectual prescriptions for this disease is half a pound of epsom salts dissolved in three or four quarts of warm water, mixed with two table-spoonfuls of sweet spirits of nitre. Wet up a small feed of wheat bran with it. If the cow will not take it so, then put the salts and nitre solution into a strong-necked bottle, trice up her head and pour it down the throat. Repeat this every morning till cured. This simple remedy rarely fails, even in the worst cases, if all the above directions are carefully followed. Rub the bag with lard, mixed with the last stripplings, every time the cow is milked. This renders the bag soft and pliable, and prevents the milk from caking in it.

Chicago uses everything from the hoof to the horn, and from the tip of the nose to the extremity of the caudal appendage of the meanest to the finest Texan steer, and therein lies much of her strength as a market for southwest stock.

Probably the largest cow in the world is owned by Martin C. Stokes, of Grayville, White County, Ill. She is 7 years old and weighs 3,000 pounds, 17½ hands high, 10½ feet long from the end of the nose to the buttock, 17½ feet from the nose to the end of the tail, 8 feet 9 inches around the girth, 26 inches around the forearm, and 31 inches across the hips. She has been exhibited in four States, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Tennessee. She is white and red, mostly by the latter, well formed and a perfect beauty, has two calves, one three years old and the other three months old. She was raised in Posey County, Ind.

Good stock means—what? It means an educated live stock sentiment, progress, enterprise, agricultural vigor. It means the best return for outlay in feed and care, the best profit in a term of years, the most desirable product when put on market. It means leadership in the live stock business, and the satisfaction of doing a good thing well. Trashy stock means—often a lack of interest in an important branch of the business of the farm—a waste of time, food and care for which a good return might otherwise have been secured—a place at the tail end of all markets and a dissatisfaction with one's position in the trade. There are plenty of good farmers and stockmen handling mean stock, but they are only preparing for something better, and fully intend to raise their standard as the years are able—an effort in which they should receive every encouragement. But a man who is thoroughly satisfied to continue raising trash need never expect to find any branch of the live stock business continuously profitable.

Pollled or hornless cattle in Scotland are the Angus cattle, are becoming aristocratic, popular and profitable. They are said to be bringing higher prices in Scotland than the best of short-horn. At the late sale at Balochan, a cow brought 225 guineas (\$1,125) and others, with bulls, from 42 up to 180 guineas. The average obtained for 15 cows was \$74.88; that of the 36 head then sold, \$56.11—say about \$273 each. It is evident that the breed of Angus cattle is increasing rapidly, not only in Scotland but in England; for they are taken hold of now eagerly by noblemen, and gentlemen of large estates, who, until a few years ago, considered them of poor, and rather too plebeian to pass into the aristocratic hands. What, why should it not be the case with all those desirous of making the most from their landed estates? The beef of this choice breed brings, usually, one to two cents more per pound in the London market than the best of any English breed, and the bullocks can be reared at least 10 per cent. cheaper than horned cattle. In deed, some who have kept polled cattle alongside of horned, both in Great Britain and America, say the cost of rearing for a beef market is 20 to even 25 per cent. in their favor.

Elsewhere will be found the advertisement of Messrs. Raliback & Pittsford, of Hope Dale, Tazewell county, Ill., a firm of high reputation amongst stock dealers, and noted for the fine Jersey Red or Duroc swine of their production. This breed are noted for their excellent qualities, and in Central Illinois where they are well known, they are in very great demand. Any of our readers who wish to correspond with Messrs. Raliback & Pittsford will find them prompt and straightforward business men. At the same time it should be noticed that they will have a herd of the swine at the St. Louis Fair, where their good qualities may be seen—the swine not having been pampered for show purposes.

The Horseman.

When to Feed Grain to Horses.

Horses are provided with an unusually large development of the salivary glands, and an enormous quantity of saliva is secreted during the eating of a feed of grain or hay. This copious supply of saliva is sufficient to moisten and dilute the food, so that it can be digested perfectly without the help of water. Water is absorbed by the coats of the stomach and enters the blood with such rapidity that a thirsty horse will drink more water than the stomach will contain at one time, and the water begins to pass off through the kidneys in such a case, after the lapse of a very few minutes. So that, knowing these facts, one may naturally infer that a horse may be watered a few minutes before feeding with more advantage than soon after ward, because absorbed before the food is swallowed, and digestion cannot be interfered with by the presence of too much water in the stomach, as might happen in the latter case. The best practice is that usually followed, namely, to give the horse very little water on starting out to work after feeding in the morning; to water on coming in at noon, and in the evening, before unharnessing and feeding. This gives time for the absorption of the water before the food enters the stomach.—Rural New Yorker.

The Horse.

The horse is at once the servant and the friend of man. How bravely he tugs and toils for him. He bears the burden and heat of the day, whether in the long journey over hill and dale, or between shafts of the dray or the teamster's heavy cart. Think how many delightful drives and beautiful sights you owe to the obedient horse as he draws for you the light carriage along the shady roads, or the gay sleigh over the gleaming snow-fields. Look at the great western wheat-fields, with their wealth of golden grain. From the ploughing to the reaping, we recognize the inestimable service of the horse. Without his aid, where would be the harvest? How many benefits are due to his help in bringing to us the daily comforts of life? Like the sands of the sea, they cannot be numbered. Looking back through the centuries, we find the horse an important figure in history. In war, in peace, in the victor's triumph, he is always conspicuous. A great painter has pictured the chariot of the sun, guided by Apollo, bearing the blessed gods, drawn by four splendid steeds. So to these horses, he gives the boon of bringing to the world the god of day and the gift of light.

How best shall we honor and repay the horse for all his benefits to man? Do not your hearts answer, "by respect and care for his comfort, his well-being, his happiness and his pleasure."

Career of Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

In connection with a new and accurate portrait of "the old horse," Wallace's Monthly takes occasion to present the following summary of his life, which is not only interesting, but worthy of preservation for ready reference:

On the 5th of May, 1849, there came into the world an ordinary looking colt, which was destined to become the greatest trotting sire ever known. Rysdyk's Hambletonian was got by Abdallah, the neglected son of Mambrino; dam the Charles Kent mare by imp. Bellfounder; g. d. by Bishop's Hambletonian, son of imp. Messenger. He was bred by Jonas Seely, Sugar Loaf, Orange Co., N. Y., and sold with his dam, when a few months old, to Wm. M. Rysdyk, for the trifling sum of \$125, or one-fourth as much as his service fee when in the zenith of his fame.

At two years of age Hambletonian began his duties in the stud, serving four mares the first season, three of which were known to drop a foal, one of them an animal of special note, namely, Katy Darling, and the produce Alexander's Abdallah. The second and third seasons his fee was the modest sum of \$25, during which he served 118 mares, getting 91 foals. From 1854 to 1863, his patronage was large, covering in that time 880 mares, and getting 624 foals. For 1863, his service fee was raised to \$75; in 1864, to \$100; 1865, to \$300, and the following year to \$500, which remained at that figure for the remainder of his life. From 1871 to 1875, he was limited to 30 mares the season, the produce being in the ratio of 70 per cent. of the mares served.

In all, it is estimated he served over 1,800 mares and got about 1,300 foals. These figures and results demonstrate the extraordinary stamina of the horse. At two years of age he went in the stud, and continued his duties for 25 years, with the exception of the year 1868. His heaviest season was that of 1864, when he served 217 mares, getting 148 foals; his lightest seasons those of 1869 and 1870, serving 22 mares each year, and getting 18 and 16 foals respectively. The wisdom of limiting him to a small number of mares at what was considered his decline, is apparent in the fact that in 1870 he got Orange Girl (2.20), and in 1872, Kisbar (2.30), both out of American Star mares, his best nick.

The get of Rysdyk's Hambletonian with records of 2.30 or better number thirty-two, and of this number, Dexter, Chester, Euclid, Harvest Queen, Jay Gould, Kisbar, Maud, Nettle and Orange Girl are out of Star mares. Other mares he crossed well with were by Henry Clay, Harry Clay, Bellaire, Mambrino, Chief, Long Island Black Hawk, Jupiter, etc.

It was not alone as the sire of 2.30 trotters that Hambletonian was superior to all others, but as a transmitter of his wonderful powers. Besides his thirty-two sons and daughters in the 2.30 list, he has fifty-six sons, twenty-one grandsons, sires of 2.30 trotters, and of his daughters, eleven have produced 2.30 trotters, five of which have records of 2.25 or better. These ninety-four descendants have got and produced 214 performers in the list—about one-sixth the entire number. His best son—Volunteer—has twenty-one sons and daughters in the 2.30 list, five of them with records of 2.20 or better. Like his sire, Volunteer is an in-bred Messenger, and

got his performers from about the same lines of breeding.

Hambletonian himself was a developed trotter. As a three year old, he trotted in 2.48½, and could trot in 2.40 at any time when matured. His speed, and power of transmitting speed, with other good qualities, came to him through the triple cross of imported Messenger, supplemented by the Bellfounder strain, which was a trotting element of no mean order. Abdallah the sire of Hambletonian, got three in the 2.30 list, and was the sire of nine daughters, the dams of 2.30 trotters. Goldsmith Maid, 2.14, taking the highest rank. Amazonia, his dam was a game and lasting trotter, knowing nothing but the gait. Mambrino—the sire of Abdallah—got Mambrino Paymaster, the sire of Mambrino Chief, The Charles Kent mare, the dam of Hambletonian, was a speedy trotter, achieving a reputation for lasting qualities. She was by imp. Bel founder, a horse of decided trotting action, and he out of Velocity, a stout and speedy trotting mare. One Eye, the dam of the Charles Kent mare, was by Bishop's Hambletonian, son of imp. Messenger; dam, Silvertail, by imp. Messenger. Therefore, the Charles Kent mare inherited her trotting form and action from both sire and dam.

In color Hambletonian was a bright bay, his legs black, extending above the knees and hocks, with white socks below, and a small star in the forehead. So strong was his individuality that he stamped his likeness upon all his progeny in indelible figures, which are unmistakable in the youngest of his descendants. He was a horse of wonderful prepotency; mighty in his powers of transmission—a Sampson among his kind. His value to the breeding and commercial interests of the country is incalculable, and his greatness is proclaimed each year upon the trotting turf. On the night of March 26, 1870, Hambletonian died, in the 27th year of his age.

Flying Childers.

The legends about the horse in question are so well known that it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon them. If his stride, like that of Eolus when extended, covered twenty five feet, it was eight inches longer than the stride of the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur when they were struggling head to head upon New York stand in 1851. The two horses, while the contest was at its height reached over the same space of ground, and that space was twenty four feet four inches. The portrait of Flying Childers commonly represents him with his hind legs stretched abnormally far back. If, by some exceptional leverage power, he could bring his hind legs perfectly under him when he galloped, his length of stride and his superior speed would be not unreasonably accounted for. He won two matches and received some forfeits at Newmarket, but his greatest achievements were not performed in public. He is said to have given Fox, almost the best runner of his time, 12 pounds and to have beaten him a quarter of a mile, over the Beacon Course, which is very much as if a dark 3 year old had met Robert the Devil last year at Doncaster, and reached the goal before Robert had come to what is called the end of the white rails. The Duke of Devonshire was in the habit of buying annually some of Mr. Childers' young things. On one occasion a dispute arose as to whether the sum due from the Duke to the Squire was to be calculated in guineas or pounds. "Throw in," exclaimed the Duke, "that ugly little white faced devil looking over the gate yonder and guineas it shall be." No sooner said than done. Childers went with the lot to Chatsworth, and there used as a hack. Returning one day with letters across the moor, he passed the exercising ground of the Duke's accepted racers. The boys jeered at him as he went by, crying out, "Come now, let us see what that wonderful 'high bred' nag of yours can do." This invitation was straightway accepted and the curiosity of Childers' critics satisfied at once. It is needless to add, the horse was immediately put into training and the Chatsworth pony found himself at once transformed into the pride and terror of Newmarket. His comparatively small size was considered at first to unfit him for racing. The same thing happened with Grimmerack afterward—some such incident disclosed his superiority, and the wonderful groom rushed to tell his master that the "little crippled colt" could beat them all.

Horse Notes.

W. C. Frances' stallion, Alexander, has taken up permanent quarters at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia.

The racehorse Elias Lawrence has completely broken down since his great effort of four miles with Glenmore.

Little Brown Jug, Mr. Bemis' phenomenal pacer, has been shipped to Louisville, where he goes to-day against time.

Santa Claus and Wedgewood, were the only stallions that started in all four of the races given this season for that class of horses.

Olingstone's 2.19½ is a remarkable exhibition for a 6-year-old green horse. His first appearance in a public race was at Utica.

The pacing horse Bay Billy, record 2.14, was sold recently to William Weeks, of New York, for Dan Hunter, of Mancie, Ind., for \$5,000.

The stallion Highland Stranger was driven a mile in 2.24½ at the Driving Park, Chicago, a few days ago, the last quarter being done in 35½ seconds.

Mr. Belmont, it is said, concluding that in Rice he has the best 2-year-old of the season, has ordered her to be retired in view of her rich engagements as a 3-year-old.

The case with which Santa Claus again won in the stallion race at Fleetwood Park on Wednesday entitles him to be styled the champion of 1881. Smugler's time (2.15½) has not yet been beaten, however.

Buzz Medium, in a field with such horses as Lucy, Voltaire, and Steve Maxwell, showed her ability to beat either one of the horses named, and succeeded in getting third money. It is confidently believed that the mare can trot three heats in 2.20.

Monroe Chief, who has been in Kentucky since the Chicago meeting, is reported to be doing well under the handling of D. W. Herr. He is entered in the free-for-all race to be trotted at Louisville next Saturday, the other entries being John R., Joe Rattle, Alcantara, Fanny Witherspoon, Lumps, So-So, Will Cody, and Annie W.

The Topeka (Kan.) Daily Capital, in speaking of the recent 2-mile race between Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Knowlton, in which over \$40,000 changed hands, says: "The public has been led to believe that these women run these races for large money premiums. So far as we know they have each been paid so much to run each race."

Maud S.'s performances during three years may be summed up as follows: A private trial of 2.17½ as a four-year-old; 2.13½ over the Chicago track as a six-year-old, against Trinit and So-So, then and now the best trotting performances in a race against other horses; 2.11½ the same year in a time trial with St. Julien at Rochester, in which St. Julien made precisely the same time but which he lowered a quarter of a second at Hartford, and has been unable to beat since; 2.10½ at Chicago the same season; 2.10½ at Pittsburg in June of this year; 2.10½ at Buffalo; 2.10½ on yesterday at Rochester, the scene of her contest a year ago; 2.11½, 2.11 at Chicago; 2.12, 2.13½, 2.12½ at Philadelphia. In short, she has put to her credit in three years the best heat as a four-year-old; the best heat as a six-year-old; five heats faster than any other horse ever trotted or paced, one of them when six years old; the fastest heat in a race with other horses; the fastest first, second and third heats; the fastest two consecutive heats, and the fastest three consecutive heats. Nothing more is needed to demonstrate her superiority in point of speed and stay combined over any animal, living or dead; but the public has set its heart on her beating 2.10, and until she does it the public's cap will not be thrown up. The Rochester track, over which she lowered her record on yesterday, is composed of a kind of sandy loam, and is one of the fastest in the grand circuit, when right, being only a little inferior to the Hartford track, where St. Julien made his record of 2.11½ or of a quarter of a second better than he could do at Rochester.—Chicago Times.

The Philadelphia Record says: The performance of Trinit at the Gentlemen's Driving Park, New York, on Thursday places her in the front rank of American trotters. Indeed, it appears to be a serious question since her recent exhibition whether she is not the fleetest trotter now upon the turf, with but a single exception, Maud S. Trinit's time, 2.14, has been excelled by but three horses—Maud S. 2.10½; St. Julien, 2.11½; and Karas, 2.13½; and but one other has equalled it, the retired queen, Goldsmith Maid, now at the Fashion Stud Farm, Tren-ton, N. J., and now in private hands, and Maud S. resting for the balance of the season, there is but one other horse, St. Julien, worthy to be called a competitor of Trinit. To settle at once the question of superiority Mr. John W. Shaw, the owner of Trinit, offers to trot his mare against St. Julien a water race for \$10,000, according to the rules of the National Trotting Association. This challenge Mr. Hickok cannot very consistently refuse to accept, for the reason that he has repeatedly offered to trot St. Julien against Maud S., and now that the famous son of Volunteer has fully recovered his old form the time will be quite appropriate, either at the approaching meeting at Point Breeze or upon any other good track, to establish his claim to the rather exalted position among the distinguished trotters of the day. Trinit is but 6 years old, and was bred and raised at Major McDowell's stock farm, Woodlake, Ky. She was sired by Princeps, he by Woodford Mambrino, dam Ondine (dead), by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, out of Morning Glory, by imp. Consternation. A few months will find new houses, new barns, new fences and plowed lands, a new church and school house looking towards the development of as beautiful a locality as there is in the west. These emigrants are of the best class of men and women, and are going there to stay. They are in full vigor of manhood, and evince sound business discretion in foregoing the inconveniences of being for a time removed from railroads. They believe in a splendid future for the "Spring Valley" country of Shannon Co., Mo. They see it is grass-land itself.

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Better weather, better water, and a much change of pasture as can be secured with shelter from cold rains that are likely to come soon, with the addition of grain feed, will build up and save those not too badly affected. To all ought to be given turpentine. No parasite can withstand turpentine.

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Youths, Boys and Children.

WE MANUFACTURE all our goods, and sell direct to the consumer at a very small margin. We pay cash for every purchase, and are the largest clothing manufacturers in the world. We sell for cash only to every one, and our customers do not have to pay for other people's bad debts. The immense capital employed by our firm, and having our own factory in 2d Street New York, where we make all our goods for our retail stores, give us facilities possessed by no other house in the West. ONE PRICE TO ALL. Money refunded when any purchase is not satisfactory. Goods sent C. O. D. to all parts of the country, with privilege of examining before paying.

DANIEL C. YOUNG, Manager.

The Spring Valley Sheep Co.

The many interested parties in this project for raising wool in southern Missouri are wishing to know what became of it. Owing to a series of obstructing circumstances, none more serious than the unsatisfactory condition of the wool market of the spring of 1881, caused tedious delays during which the capital ready to be invested, found other investment, and the projectors became disheartened and temporarily at least abandoned the work.

The magnificent lands selected for the company have been offered for sale, and several thousand acres have gone into private hands and are being prepared for sheep raising on a grand scale. There is being laid the plans of a large, intelligent neighborhood of sheep raisers in Shannon Co., Mo., that presents rare inducements for either men of large or small means, who would find a new home on broad, good, cheap acres, suited to the best surroundings and highest development of sheep raising—wool or mutton growing—in this country. The families now there are well pleased with the country. Others ready to go are full of enthusiasm. A few months will find new houses, new barns, new fences and plowed lands, a new church and school house looking towards the development of as beautiful a locality as there is in the west. These emigrants are of the best class of men and women, and are going there to stay. They are in full vigor of manhood, and evince sound business discretion in foregoing the inconveniences of being for a time removed from railroads. They believe in a splendid future for the "Spring Valley" country of Shannon Co., Mo. They see it is grass-land itself.

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## The Home Circle.

### Letter from Birdie.

Where is Avis? Has Kittie caught him sure enough? If so, perhaps my chirping had better be modulated. I have flitted around on the outside of the Home Circle until my poor little pinions are weary, and here I am at the window seeking admittance.

Paulus, if Kittie is out, won't you raise the window and let me in? Yes, I believe you will.

Allie C. and Kentucky Girl, though I, too, am a stranger, I greet you with welcome. I am also a little girl—will be sweet sixteen on to-morrow.

Violet, don't desert the Circle. Your letters are really entertaining. What is the pending "rippet" about the almanac picture? I hope "our flowers" are not suffering with the rest of the vegetable kingdom from this terrible drouth.

Lily, Daisy and Violet, do not droop and grow silent.

### Letter from Myrtle.

Did you ever visit a convent where the floors are clean and white as pine can be made, and not a particle of dust is visible anywhere? Where order and neatness prevail, and everything seems to move like clock-work? Where the pupils in charge live on plain fare and eat five meals a day? No rich fruit cakes, chess cakes, or sweetmeats of any kind are crammed down to disorder the stomach and pave the way for dyspepsia.

A nice place for little girls to learn to mend their clothes and darn their stockings; to learn crocheting, wax-work and many other fancy things. And yet did it ever occur to you that this place so neat and orderly is managed solely by nuns—by women who have sacrificed many of life's pleasures to devote themselves completely to this life of toil?

How great must be the sacrifice to give up a social life for this; to throw off all pretty, fancy garments so becoming to handsome features, and don those same plain garments which never have a change of style—always those same odd looking sleeves, and those queer looking caps which completely hide the hair, and leave you to wonder whether the plain creature you converse with is eighteen or forty-five.

How little they must care for society! How little for the whims of the fickle dame that rules the world of fashion! Yes, they are indeed independent of this cruel, heartless mistress. They can dispense with tight shoes, tight lacing and many other uncomfortable things to which the votaries of fashion have enslaved themselves. But then they can't realize the pleasure we experience in viewing a new cloak or bonnet, or admiring a new dress or piece of jewelry.

But the monotonous lives, which they are doomed to lead, would be the death of me—to be housed up in those same apartments; year in and year out, with never the opportunity of skipping off to spend a few weeks with a dear friend, or even the pleasure of spending the night or dining out on Saturday.

Oh, no! they can never ramble into the woods with picnic parties; never go fishing, or horseback riding; never take boat rides on a clear stream on beautiful moonlight evenings—innocent amusements in which they are never permitted to indulge.

I think often of their monotonous round of daily duties, and wonder how they could voluntarily hide youth and beauty in those unbecoming garments, and shut themselves in until the Master calls; and then memory recalls those old familiar lines, and I find myself singing:

"I'm sure I cannot tell,  
What the mischief I have done;  
But my mother often tells me  
That I must be a nun.  
"I love to go a shopping,  
And everybody knows  
I love music and dancing,  
And chatting with the beaux.  
"Oh, I won't be a nun!  
Oh, I can't be a nun!  
For I'm so fond of pleasure  
That I can't be a nun."

MYRTLE.

### Letter from Lloyd Guyot.

Until very recently I have had good cause to deem myself a fortunate person, in that I had escaped the dreadful havoc of a bad tempered typo, and had preserved my grammar with tolerable accuracy. But my orthography and grammar both have caught the distemper, and I at once suppose from the typo. Now, my dear Mr. Typo, if you have any brotherly feeling, I hope you won't do so any more. I am pretty familiar with the printing office, and am perfectly aware, especially where he's setting by the thousand, that "the more the merrier" for him every time. It's natural. But I don't like to see people so natural. Be unnatural, Mr. Typo, and some of these days I'll evidently drop in and see you. And I will just suggest, if any more big mistakes occur in my notes, that I shall go to St. Louis and be sure to see you, and please tell Col. Colman he had better get another typo.

Schoolmam, I enjoyed your letter, in the 1st of September's issue, very much. Your motherly way of taking care of Bon Ami, fully meets with my approbation, and I hope Paulus or Fifty-Seven will do a father's part by him. There are few men in this country more intelligent than Bon Ami, but I think he

needs some one to advise him occasionally.

I am glad Lily of the Valley has consented to bury the hatchet. And I would like to know how any one could say she is a "tiger live." Don't say it any more. Here's a Texas boy, that doesn't like it by odds.

Little Dick, I think you are older than you pretend to be. At any rate, you write very well, and seem vastly well informed for so young a person. Come, acknowledge now.

Nina has come back again, and I hope she may come often. I guess we'll have to excuse her for getting "matrimonial."

Enon is back once more, away over—I nearly said Songo Department.

LLOYD GUYOT.

### Letter from Wild Flower.

Will a wild flower be welcome among the lilies, roses and daisies of the Home Circle? I come with good will toward every member of the admiration society.

Idyll, I wish to tell you how beautiful I consider "My First Poem." It carried me back to my childhood, and called up recollections which I thought forever buried in oblivion. No matter whether your bouquets are made of "fanny, fennel, or of sweet blue violets and geranium leaves," I am sure your visits must be appreciated by all lovers of good society.

Bon Ami deserves public thanks for his letter in the RURAL of September 1st. He expresses, in plain terms, what I have often thought, but felt a delicacy in expressing. Hypocrisy is as contemptible in our expressions of opinion in regard to art, literature and genius as it is in religion. The American people seem to possess a mania for doffing the cap and eulogizing the genius of creatures who cross the ocean with but two objects in view. They come to fill their pockets and to be worshiped; and in both instances their most sanguine hopes are realized. In all countries there exists a class of people who live but to echo the stereotyped eulogies coming from the "organs of the age"; yet it does seem the people of this country fall into line with too much vim and enthusiasm. Let a genius appear; no matter what his or her moral status may be (and some are very low in the scale) he is lifted to a pinnacle and made an idol at whose shrine fools worship. Would it not be better to frown upon vice and encourage virtue? An honest, outspoken opinion dissenting with the popular echo, is better, even if it is crude, than sham admiration. Ye, who so much admire the genius of Sarah Bernhardt, would do well to read of the deceit practiced by Adelaide Neilson toward her great admirers of New York. They showered upon her all manner of costly presents; they loaded her with gifts. How were they appreciated? There was an auction and these souvenirs were knocked off to the highest bidder. When asked by a friend why she did this, what was her answer? "O, they are all odd pieces, and I never wear anything out of the style. And yet this same genius was so warm hearted and sincere, that upon taking a sham farewell of her audience in New York, fainted; at least she played the role so well, that her spectators really thought her extreme grief at parting from them, had actually stopped the circulation of her life-current for a brief space of time. Alas! for the shams and hypocrites practiced in this age. WILD FLOWER, Sept. 10th, 1881.

### Letter from Widower.

No, Violet, I ain't no preacher. You girls are too provoking. I, at present, constitute the audience; would make a nice preacher, wouldn't I? Although I have immense confidence in my ability to manage the spring chicken department.

Nina, I am ever so much obliged to you for your kind congratulations, and please accept mine in return; may your future be ever happy and prosperous. Although you have entered into an extended contract to keep the "old man's" buttons in order, don't let his gain be our loss.

Lily of the Valley and Little Dixie, your good wishes are also most thankfully received.

Schoolmam, we are all glad to hear from you again, and I truly sympathize with you for the hardships you had to endure through the long and terrible winter on the northern prairies; take Widower's advice and go south.

Typo Esq., seems to have fallen from grace with the Home Circle, but I am not in a humor to pity him, but would kindly ask, does not Col. Colman keep a proof reader? At our last meeting the ladies were very conspicuously absent. That will never do, ladies; your presence is on all occasions, politely and urgently requested. You, I consider the legitimate owners of the Circle, and without your aid and fostering care the Circle page would soon lose its interest and its charms.

Herbert, I cannot endorse all you say in regard to the great Napoleon Bonaparte. Although he committed some very great mistakes, such as his divorce from Josephine, the imprisonment of the Pope, the campaign into Russia and also that into Spain, still he was far from being that tyrant that you would have us believe. How can you compare him with such human monsters as Nero, Caligula and other tyrants of ancient and modern times? Was he any worse than his Russian adversaries who suffered 200,000 sick and wounded Russian soldiers to perish in the burning flames of Moscow that lit up the declining star of the greatest soldier that ever lived? True, he was ambitious—no crime in

itself. His trade was war, a calling in itself cruel and vindictive, that brings to the surface the worst instincts of human nature. But were his wars any less human than that which we have just passed through in this land of boasted intelligence, and superior enlightenment? He was always humane to his prisoners, and after his battles treated the unfortunate wounded of the enemy as he did his own. He considered the wants of the lowest private equally as well as those of the most exalted field marshal. Never could he, through acts of cruelty, and oppression, have secured that love and that strong attachment of the soldiers under him, whose unflinching bravery is the theme of historians, and who died with "long live the emperor," upon their lips. And his memory is still dear to the people of his beloved France, for whose welfare he had always striven with his strong arm, and his mighty intellect. It was Frederick the Great of Prussia, that punished with death that poor soldier for writing to his wife after hours.

### WIDOWER.

### Letter from Adda S.

Please admit another stranger. I perhaps am a stranger to all of you; but I read your letters in the Home Circle, and enjoy them very much. Nina says there is always room for new contributors, and here I come.

Lily of the Valley, I love to read your letters. Lloyd Guyot, you seem to enjoy the ladies' chat. Schoolmam speaks of the people on the cold prairies. I had a taste of cold winds, as last winter I lived miles from timber, and had the benefit of the northern breeze. I find it now warm enough. ADDA S. Southeastern Kansas.

### Letter from Stella.

I have often thought of joining the Home Circle, but have until now neglected to do so. Little Dick you cannot imagine how disappointed I was to hear that you was not a small boy in reality. Bon Ami, I always admire your letters but dread your criticism. Schoolmam, I can sympathize with you in regard to last winter's cold. I too was teaching a country school and had to face those cold winds for a distance of one-half mile. I also taught this summer and found it much pleasanter than the preceding term, but I can not say with you that I allowed many of the children to kiss me, for I do not care for many kisses. And Queen Nina has sailed out on the sea of matrimony. I always liked to read her letters, they seemed so like a bit of sunshine, the rays of which rendered the Home Circle a veritable Eden. Lloyd Guyot I wish you would tell us more concerning the North Texas Normal Institute. STELLA, Sept. 5th.

### Letter from Bon Ami.

DEAR RURAL: Esculapius is a personage about whom Prof. Lloyd Guyot now wishes to say as little as possible. He is, I think, a little too eager to drop the subject. When the humorous young professor asked the physician if he were "a follower of Esculapius," he thought he had made such a good hit, that he had to tell the RURAL all about it. Prof. Guyot then thought that it is impossible for one to be a good physician and know nothing about Esculapius, as it is for one to be a good historian and know nothing about the great men who have figured in history. This attempt of Prof. Guyot to say something very smart reminds me of Homer's attempt to display his activity in jumping thirty feet from one tree to another. Homer's great effort was attended with the loss of his "caudal appendage." Prof. Guyot must have felt that his effort at being smart was not entirely successful, when he afterwards found that Esculapius is a mythological character, and sustains no relation to modern medical science.

Esculapius was regarded by the ignorant Greeks as the god of medicine. It is extremely doubtful that such a character can be located, and certain it is, no discovery in medical science originated with him. Our friend, though his ambition and pride may often lead him to attach much importance to non-essentials, is endowed with such fine sense that he will undoubtedly profit by experience.

Visitor says that intemperance is a disease. Will he be kind enough to suggest a remedy? As our friend, Mutato Nomine is now in Kansas, a prohibition state, will he tell us something about the effects of prohibition?

I am very sorry to hear that Nina has married, but, dear friend, I am in favor of letting you sit on the fence and see the milking. Your views about milking have changed, and I doubt not your views about letting little children have the sugar bowl every time they cry, will also change in the course of time.

Paulus, I hope I may learn that you enjoyed yourself well at Edgewood. I chanced to be at a picnic at that place last summer. I spent the day pleasantly, hearing Champ Clark's speech and seeing the Buffalo girls dance. Do you quote the Buffalo girls often?

Lina M., your remarks respecting Poe were very interesting. I can agree with you entirely. I do not believe I have written anything opposed to your opinions on that point.

Amber's sister to know that her brother was greatly beloved by all the members of the Circle and that his sister has their sincere sympathy.

I have just read the "Christian Religion" by Messrs. Ingersoll and Black. Mr. Ingersoll, contrary to his custom, avoids jokes, and to some extent relies on argument. However, he is bound to get off a joke on Delaware. He tells us that, excepting the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific, some tribes in Central Africa, and a few citizens of Delaware, no people have been found degraded enough to agree with the Jehovah of the ancient Jews.

Mr. Clack occasionally strikes a joke. Mr. Ingersoll speaks of the extreme cruelty of sacrificing animals, as the

ancient Jews did. In reply to this Mr. Black says that an American full of beef and mutton, who can speak so tenderly of the shedding of the blood of goats and bulls three thousand years ago, has reached the acme of goodness. The two articles are very terse and brilliant. They are well worth a careful perusal. BOX AMI.

### Selfish Persons.

The very first thing necessary to make any person miserable and unhappy in this world, is to be supremely selfish. How many persons we daily meet, who, if we are to judge by actions and expressions, seem wholly bent upon making themselves unhappy! They think all the time of themselves or of how they can promote their own selfish ends; they don't care about anybody else; have no feelings for anybody but themselves. They never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy, but would seem rather to contribute their full powers toward making others as well as themselves unhappy. If they see a smiling face, it is to them like a cloud passing over a bright sun. They envy everyone who is better off in any respect than themselves; think unkindly toward them, and very likely speak lightly of them. Such persons are constantly afraid some one will encroach upon their rights, and having trained their minds to regard everybody with suspicion, they are ready to snap and snarl without cause, or at least make use of very unkind expressions. They will contend for everything or anything that they think may redound to their interests, though not worth a pin, much less to spend breath in contending for. Some persons are undoubtedly naturally sensitive, but the greater number make themselves so. Such persons are to be blamed for allowing their feelings to control their actions, especially in company. No one should be so sensitive as to take everything said in playfulness in the most serious manner. We should all have the sense to discriminate between what is said in earnest and in jest, and always try to judge from the character of the individual before right and wrong intentions, and above all, to never be in a hurry in deciding, and expressing convictions whether another has done right or wrong. What may seem to be a wrong action, may be induced by the noblest of motives and best intentions, while an action that might seem to be commendable, might have for its object the vilest and most reprehensible motives.

Another class of persons who seem to be always trying to make themselves unhappy, is the suspicious person—such as are always suspecting everybody around them as guilty of some mean act, or fearing they will be slighted, and are constantly watching for something to indicate that others dislike them; it is a pity such persons are not made to realize that they are worthy of hate, unless they learn to be less selfish in their feelings. The world is full of people who daily seem to exert their powers to make themselves and others unhappy. This life of ours is comparatively short, and while we remain here, why should we not use the powers God has given us, to make ourselves and others happy—always having in view the best interests of our fellow-creatures, and our happiness here and in the world to come. How much better it would be, and how much the cares and difficulties of this life would be lightened, if all had this object in view! We should aim by the use of all the little courtesies and amenities of life, to render ourselves and others happy. We should not express the belief that our neighbor is a villain and is watching for a chance to wrong us, till we know it to be a fact—always remember the law adage that "a person should be considered innocent till proved guilty." It takes the greatest portion of a lifetime to build up a character—it may be destroyed by the unthinking in a single hour. Deal justly, honestly, and fairly by all mankind, and we will have our reward, both here and hereafter.

### The Sensitive Man.

Undoubtedly one of the shadowiest theories ever put forward in this age of fine points and Gillet pens, is a theory that was put forward by a gentleman at a social gathering in the residence of one of the leading citizens of the aristocratic Seventh-ward, a few evenings since. Somehow, before stating what the theory is, we feel that it is necessary to say that the gentleman is not a spiritualist, an aesthetic or a driving idiot, but he is a person made up largely of nerves. His whole system seems to be as delicate and sensitive as the opening petals of a flower; he is a sort of Aeolian harp of a thousand strings and the gentlest zephyr that goes wandering by wakes him to ecstasy, and produces about the same amount of sensation in his organism as would be produced by a brick building falling on a politician. The idea we desire to convey is, that he is no rhinoceros, no boiler maker, no marble statue. He has got feelings, the same as the rest of us, and it is not necessary to hit him on the head with a base ball bat in order to attract his attention. And his theory is this: He believes there is such a thing as the living truth, that facts exist in the atmosphere, like an air plant, while falsehood gets the grub or the cutworm and vanisheth away. For instance, if two persons have cut a dog in two, he believes he can go into a room with the two persons, and while all around is still, he can smell the dog in the atmosphere, or rather the fact that it has been cut in two, though they may deny it with all the candor and childlike simplicity of an editor when he tells a man who is thinking of advertising what his circulation is. Of course the theory seems visionary, like the baseless fabric of a dream, or the egg foam of a Charlot de Russe or Blonde Mag. But the manner of the gentleman was earnest, and he assured us he could go into a court room, listen to the testimony of a witness and tell every answer to a question, whether it was true or false. He believes he can go into a room alone with any person charged with a crime, and by sitting while and listening he can detect the truth, as it goes buzzing around in the air, and tell whether the

man is guilty or not. If there is no buzz, then there is no guilt. Where a number of people are gathered together, though, it is different, and the air is so full of different kinds of stuff that he cannot tell stewed squash from pumpkin, so to speak. But let them come at him with one fact at a time, and pitch a fair ball, and he will take care of it. He says he frequently passes through a strata of cold facts while going along the street, that are as tangible to him as a belt of fog would be to an ordinary person, and he can pause in front of a house and tell whether there is cheerfulness or gloom inside, though an ordinary person would only detect a smell of onions from the kitchen, and not that if they had a cold. He claims his great sensitiveness is no more strange than the drug used by photographers, which has to be handled in a dark room, as light knocks the stuffing out of it; and certainly the human senses, when cleared of their grosser and baser elements, when ridged of their rough tallow, so to speak, which clogs and clouds them, and when brought to a fine tension by a proper course of living, ought to be more sensitive than a lifeless, inanimate drug. That is a fact; it would seem so. But there is one trouble. If everybody should go into this sensitive business, and keep it up till they had delicate organisms as fine as jewsharps, who would shovel the coal down the coal hole when a load came up to the house, or wrestle with a busted water pipe? Such things require a nature that is not too sensitive, especially when making out the bill for the coal or for fixing the pipe. It is no doubt a good thing to be sensitive, but it is a better thing to be sensible. A sensitive hired girl would make poor headway, we are afraid, in bouncing the billowy bed or mixing the regulation base ball biscuits and pitching them to the family at breakfast, on a curve. Somebody has got to do the chores, and they must suppress all their finer feelings, empty the slops, lug up scuttles of coal, and maintain a docile, cow-like behavior, that is so pleasing to the average employer. Then, for a few minutes before going to bed, and a couple of hours Sunday afternoon, they can work up their sensitiveness, or blow up their muscles, as they see fit. Still, the sensitive racket is a good one. It is a harmless, lay, and does no injury if it does no good. It is better than going around seeing spirits of departed dead beats, or gasping over lilies in red flower pots, or standing on the corner all day with a rattan cane, a red necktie and a black and tan pup, and it is far better than sitting around some grocery coloring a meerschmum, or filling up on assorted drinks and going home with so little sensitiveness as not to be able to tell a murderer from a minister of the gospel.—Peck's Sun.

### STRAY NOTES.

It is said that to him who goes to law, nine thinks are requisite. In the first place, a good deal of money; second, a good deal of patience; third, a good cause; fourth, a good attorney; fifth, good counsel; sixth, good evidence; seventh, a good jury; eighth, a good judge; and ninth, good luck.

Nothing gives more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest when properly obtained. Sleep is our great replenisher; and if we neglect to take it regularly in childhood, the result will be all the worse for us when we grow up. If we go to bed early, we ripen; if we sit up late, we decay; and sooner or later we contract a disease called insomnia, or sleeplessness, allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us, and then we begin to decay, even in youth. Late hours are shadows from the grave.

As to a little trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who would win must learn to bear. Idleness lies in bed, sick of the millgrubs, where industry finds health and wealth. The dog in the kennel barks at fleas; the hunting dog does not even know that they are there. Laziness waits till the river is dry, and never gets to market. "Try" swims, and makes all the trade. "Can't-do-it" would not eat the bread set for him, but "Try" made meat out of mushrooms.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window, he'll fall on his feet and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with, the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you can get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter.

Do your work at once. Don't stop to dawdle. And if ever you find yourself where you have got more things pressing upon you than you can handle, begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he managed to accomplish so much in life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word now.

Here is somebody's ideal woman: She is at once passionate and innocent, strong and delicate. Her manners grow on her like leaves on a tree; they are beautiful, and they are her own. Her smiles and her frowns, her laughter and her tears have all long roots; they live down in the depths of her heart. She is tender, yet she can resist unto death. Night and morning meet in her hair and in her eyes. You would never know until you had listened to her, how many tones a sweet voice can possess, yet be always sweet. She is simple, but proud, and while you would confidently demand of her any charitable service, you would never venture to touch her hand unless she first offered it to you.

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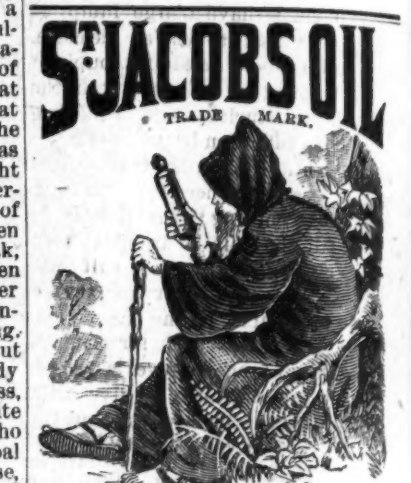
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There are things occurring every night that are playing on the mind, the magnitude and acted as a blow upon a two-nich into the old man's grasp, she's behind a ing for st

A nice persons fr looked the retired sp where they bright face and th hands. He story, evid ed out the the baseme on a few le pines that he vomg w a coming out tow fright, wh skirts and "newspape ed to get c the organ p were waitf canned fru hall the yo needlessly find each of the frantic Plankington his girl gaz on a side of in. The me touching. Two or th of the stu the bicycl son, and th to fill a bo to be presen it's a d par it's of the fair for lad show are a one of them use in villag with ropes and one said them blaste Mrs. R. he they ride t them they chief eng she had ne pany.

There wa the city, a leaning tow at everyth gaged to be young man been accus believed th gether. He house on a py until h First, his gi an eight hu but he drag was mashed dollar curta exertion hea when her dollar brass seemed to brave young ed her alone where she a piece of lace open mouth many super partment w that the piec hundred broke the yo the brass and pulled a saying, "The thing we ca content, wh state of m "What is girl. "Wau is freer tha no collection quaffed the that youth There is a double can collection of er, the city cousin, nam though why should thin for sparking sion. The ing chair," the people couple will each other wouldn't d come along disgusted e "O, what no! married pointing to Mr. Mann. isn't it?" M elor look, know any What has b lady looked "You are n look, Mr. M view the ba Speaking it to tell single cotp baby wagu will go up with a criti portant im seat for tw couple com other way sessed. On his intende pulled his s bazar, agai the double for twins" I away and biscuit dep in a hurr wagons. A be more th There is a sition that



## FUN AT THE EXPOSITION.

There are a great many ridiculous things occur at the exposition. The other night there were a number of people around the fountain, which was not playing. One old granger couple were looking on with eyes wide open at everything. They seemed frightened at the magnitude of everything they saw, and acted as though they expected to be blown up. Presently the attendant turned on the water in the fountain, and a two-inch stream shot a hundred feet into the air with quite a noise. The old man grabbed his wife saying "By hokey, she's busted," and he dragged her off behind a wagon and seemed to be praying for strength to get out of there.

A nice, clean looking couple of young persons from some rural resort had looked the building over, and found a retired spot behind the great organ, where they sat side by side, weaving bright fancies and holding each other's hands. He was telling her the old, old story, evidently, when the organist pulled out the throttle valve and kicked at the basement of the dog house and let on a few lengths of music from the bass pipes that fairly shook the building. The young couple thought the building was coming down, and the fellow rushed out toward the art gallery, pale with fright, while the girl picked up her skirts and galloped around towards "newspaper row," as though Gabriel had sounded his trumpet and she wanted to get on praying grounds. When the organ proceeded with the tune, and the beautiful notes of "Hold the Fort" were wafted upon the machinery and came forth on the other side of the hall the young people saw they had been needlessly alarmed, and they tried to find each other for two hours. Finally the frantic young man, while passing Plankinton's exhibition of hams, found his girl gazing with tearful eyes upon a side of bacon, and he gathered her in. The meeting was said to have been touching.

Two or three visitors from the interior of the state were much interested in the bicycle exhibition of Mr. Richardson, and they asked questions enough to fill a book. Mrs. R., who happened to be present, showed them every court, and particularly explained the merits of the "tricycle," a three wheeled affair for ladies. Adjoining the bicycle show are a number of fire extinguishers, one of them being on three wheels, for use in villages, arranged to be hauled with ropes. The grangers looked at it, and one said, "I suppose this is another of them blasted bicycles," and turning to Mrs. R., he asked, "Say, Miss, how do they ride this consarn?" "Miss" told them they would have to hunt up the chief engineer of the fire department, as she had never belonged to a fire company.

There was a young couple living in the city, a high toned couple, who were leaning towards each other and looking at everything. They are reported engaged to be married, and though the young man is not rich, and the girl has been accustomed to many luxuries, it is believed they will get along nicely together. He thinks of going to keeping house on a moderate scale, and was happy until he went to the exposition. First, his girl went into ecstasies over an eight hundred dollar seal skin cloak, but he dragged her away, and then she was washed on a pair of five hundred dollar curtains, but by a superhuman exertion he induced her to move on, when her eye struck a two hundred dollar brass bedstead and bed, and she seemed to desire to linger there, but the brave young man gently yet firmly steered her along the aisle to a show case where she stopped dead still before a piece of lace. She was looking at it in open mouthed wonder when the gentlemanly superintendent of the lace department volunteered the information that the piece of lace was valued at seven hundred and fifty dollars. This broke the young man all up, and he wiped the perspiration from his pale face and pulled his girl around the fountain, saying, "There my dear, there is something we can indulge in to our hearts' content, which conforms more to the state of my finances."

"What is it, dear?" asked the gushing girl. "Waukesha water, my sweet. It is freer than the grace of God, because no collection is taken up." And they quaffed the beverage of nature and felt that youth had been renewed.

There is a great deal of fun over the double ended chair, which is in the collection of Mann Brothers. Mr. Flower, the city editor of the Evening Wisconsin, named the chair "sparking chair," though why a sandy complexioned man should think a double chair necessary for sparking is beyond our comprehension. The chair has a sign on it, "Sparking chair," and it is amusing to watch the people who look at it. A young couple will look at it, and then look at each other as much as to say, "That wouldn't do for us." An old maid will come along and look at it, and put on a disgusted expression as much as to say, "O, what nonsense!" Yesterday a beautiful married lady looked at it, and then pointing to a single rocker she said to Mr. Mann, "That's better for sparking, isn't it?" Mr. Mann put on a pious, bashful look, sighed and said, "That's not know anything about it, madame. What has been your experience?" The lady looked at him as much as to say, "You are not half as innocent as you look, Mr. Mann," and she passed on to view the baby wagons.

Speaking of baby wagons, how easy it is to tell the married couples from the single couples when they approach the baby wagons. The married couples will go up and examine the wagons with a critic's eye, and note all the important improvements, such as a double seat for twins, but when an unmarried couple come along they will look the other way and eat pop corn like all possessed. One cheeky young man, with his intended on his arm, on Wednesday pulled his girl up to the baby wagon bazaar, against her will, and pointing to the double seated affair, he said, "That's for twins!" She blushed, pulled his arm away, and as she went up to the hot biscuit department she said, "Don't be in a hurry about examining twin baby wagons. A single seated wagon may be more than you will ever own."

There is no department of the Exposition that has more sincere admirers

than the hot pancake studio of Hecker's self-rising flour. From morning till night beautiful water color buckwheat cakes, lubricated with melted creamery butter and varnished with honey, are handed out to the populace, rolled up in a piece of paper, and hunger is appeased, or at least an air brake is put on to it for the time being. It is not the intention of the hosts to fill any one person entirely full of pancakes, but rather to allow all to sample the delectable goods, but occasionally a man, by calling frequently and changing the expression of his face, gets forty or fifty pancakes in the course of one short hour. One man had been around so frequently, on Thursday, that the attendant who shovels out the cakes became alarmed for fear the man would explode, and he said to the caller as he handed him a cake, "It occurs to me we have met before." The man looked at the pancake artist as though he had a vague suspicion that he had seen him before, and then his features relaxed, and as he wiped the honey off of his mouth on his sleeve, and picked his teeth on a sliver, he said, "Yes, I guess I have eaten about a peck of your pancakes, but that is nothing. You ought to have seen me paralyze that baking powder biscuit place around the corner."—Peck's Sun.

## AN EVENING AT HOME.

"This is an awfully mixed up case," said Mrs. Breezy, after finishing the latest developments in the Stuart affair and looking over the top of the paper at her husband.

"Yes," said Mr. Breezy, half dozing in his favorite easy chair.

"What do you mean by 'yes,' Mr. Breezy? How do you know what I have been reading about?" asked Mrs. Breezy, throwing the paper on the floor, and setting herself for a good talk.

"Don't know," said Mr. Breezy, nodding and yawning.

"Mr. Breezy, if I was any other woman, you would show at least a spark of politeness, and not sit there blinking and yawning like an old cat," said Mrs. Breezy, snatching up the paper and fanning herself vigorously. "For a wonder you are at home this evening, but instead of attempting to make the evening a little pleasant you treat me as though I were part of the furniture. I might as well be a chair or a table as far as you are concerned. So long as I see the house in order and you get your meals in time, it is enough for you. You never imagine you have any obligations on your side of the house, Mr. Breezy, I suppose if I went from one end of the year to the other without saying a word you would not notice it."

"Yes I would," said Mr. Breezy, smiling grimly.

"Oh, you would; well then, I wish you could make up your mind to pay a little more attention when I do talk. It isn't often that we pass a quiet evening."

"No," ejaculated Mr. Breezy.

"Mr. Breezy, you are extremely rude to interrupt me in that way," said Mrs. Breezy, folding up the paper and throwing it on the floor. "I say it isn't often we pass an evening together, now that you are mixed up in those clubs and meetings, and when we do it is your duty to entertain me. If I were one of those money creatures, always wishing to go to theatres, operas and parties, you might have a little cause to complain, but I'm not. I suppose there isn't a woman in Brooklyn who goes out less than I do. I am contented with the society of my family, but what return do I receive for being a domestic, dutiful wife? Now, Mr. Breezy, it is all on one side. If you are not tramping the streets every night, you are doubled up like a lazy mandarin in that great chair, leaving me to sit and mope without having anyone to talk to."

"But, my dear, what shall we talk about?" asked Mr. Breezy, rousing up a little.

"There it is. You think because I'm a woman that I'm not worth talking to; that I can't understand anything which would interest such a superior animal as a man. I haven't any doubt you find plenty to talk about when you are among your fellow voters, as you call them, but you needn't try any politics with me. I hate everything political, and I always feel ashamed when I remember I have a husband mixed up in such nonsense. But there are other subjects to talk about. Mr. Breezy, for heaven's sake, say something. Do be a little entertaining."

"Yes, dear, said Mr. Breezy, abruptly, and closing his eyes for another doze.

"You used to be a good talker before we were married, Mr. Breezy. You never found any trouble in entertaining me then, and you at least appeared to enjoy my society, but you men are such hypocritical creatures that we poor women are great fools to believe in anything you say or do."

"Remember those pictures you used to draw of our life after marriage. How we should be all in all to each other, and let the great world go about its business, and I was foolish enough to believe you? What did you do? The very first week after our return from our wedding trip you commenced your nightly wanderings, and I've hardly enjoyed half an hour of your society since. I'm sure I do all I can to make your home pleasant and attractive. Here I am now at this moment attempting to interest you in the pleasures of home life, but you won't have it, Mr. Breezy. You are a hopeless tramp, Mr. Breezy. That is what you are, a hopeless tramp. Breezy, wake up!" almost shouted Mrs. Breezy, suddenly finding that her husband had gone fast to sleep.

"Yes—oh—of course—where?" murmured Mr. Breezy, shifting to a more comfortable position and again dozing off.

"This is shameful! shameful!" sobbed Mrs. Breezy, whisking out the room.

"Thank the Lord," said Mr. Breezy, propping his feet on a chair and folding his hands upon his breast as he again dozed off.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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## IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A young Pond du Lac lawyer learned something the other night. We know it will seem strange that a young lawyer could learn anything, but this one admits it himself. He was out calling on a young lady, when a young man and another young lady called, and the young lawyer thought it would be cunning to get down behind the lounge and not let them know he was there, and surprise them by bobbing up suddenly from below when the proper time came. They came in and the first thing they asked for was the young lawyer, who had told the young man he would be there that evening. Then they began to talk about him, discussed the size of his feet, which they claimed were large, and the size of his head, which they asserted was child's size. He perspired and talked about his mashing qualities, how he had mashed a girl that worked in a laundry, and the opinion was expressed that he was a regular flirt. Then they talked about his family, and he tried to stuff his ears. Just then a little trier belonging to the girl's brother came in the room, and somebody said "rats," and told the dog to hump for them, and the dog went under the lounge and began to growl and shake something, and there was a sound of revelry by night. The young man and the two girls rushed out of the room, and the lawyer got up on his feet, pulling the dog up near his suspenders by the teeth, and the dog shook, and the young man kicked and yelled, and presently the girl's father came in and seeing the dog trying to hold what he supposed was a burglar he took an old hair cloth covered chair and was going to brain the burglar when the young man told who he was, and the father unlocked the dog's teeth, after he had remembered the combination, and the young lawyer took him in his hand and went away. He won't speak to the young people now, and it is said he will sue the owner of the dog for *arson, or alpacar*, or some other Latin phrase. The worst thing in the world is to be attacked by conversation or a dog, when you are not looking.—Peck's Sun.

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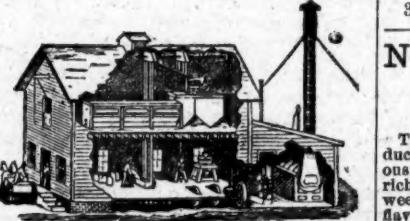
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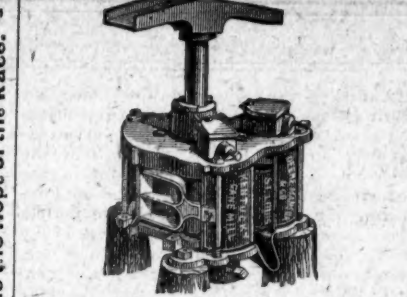
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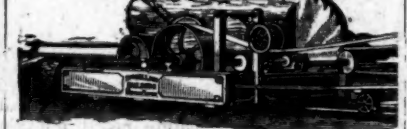
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